The Ko-Dak

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1st Yearbook Published
1898

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The Kodak

Published by the Senior Class of the

KANSAS
STATE
NORMAL
SCHOOL,

MDCCCXCVIII. . . . EMPORIA, KANSAS.

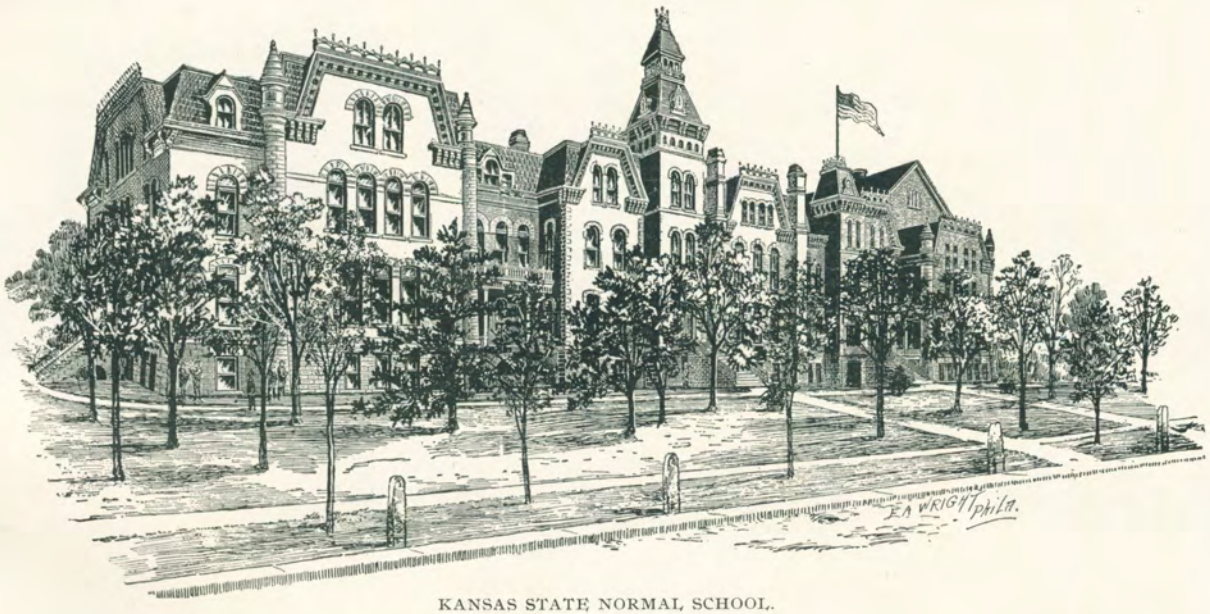
Greeting.

Hail to thee, and all good cheer,
For whate'er thou findest here,
In the KODAK.

In due time it may appear
Thou shalt find both smile and tear,
In the KODAK.

But we hope thou'lt find much joy,
And "Old Gold" without alloy,
In the KODAK.

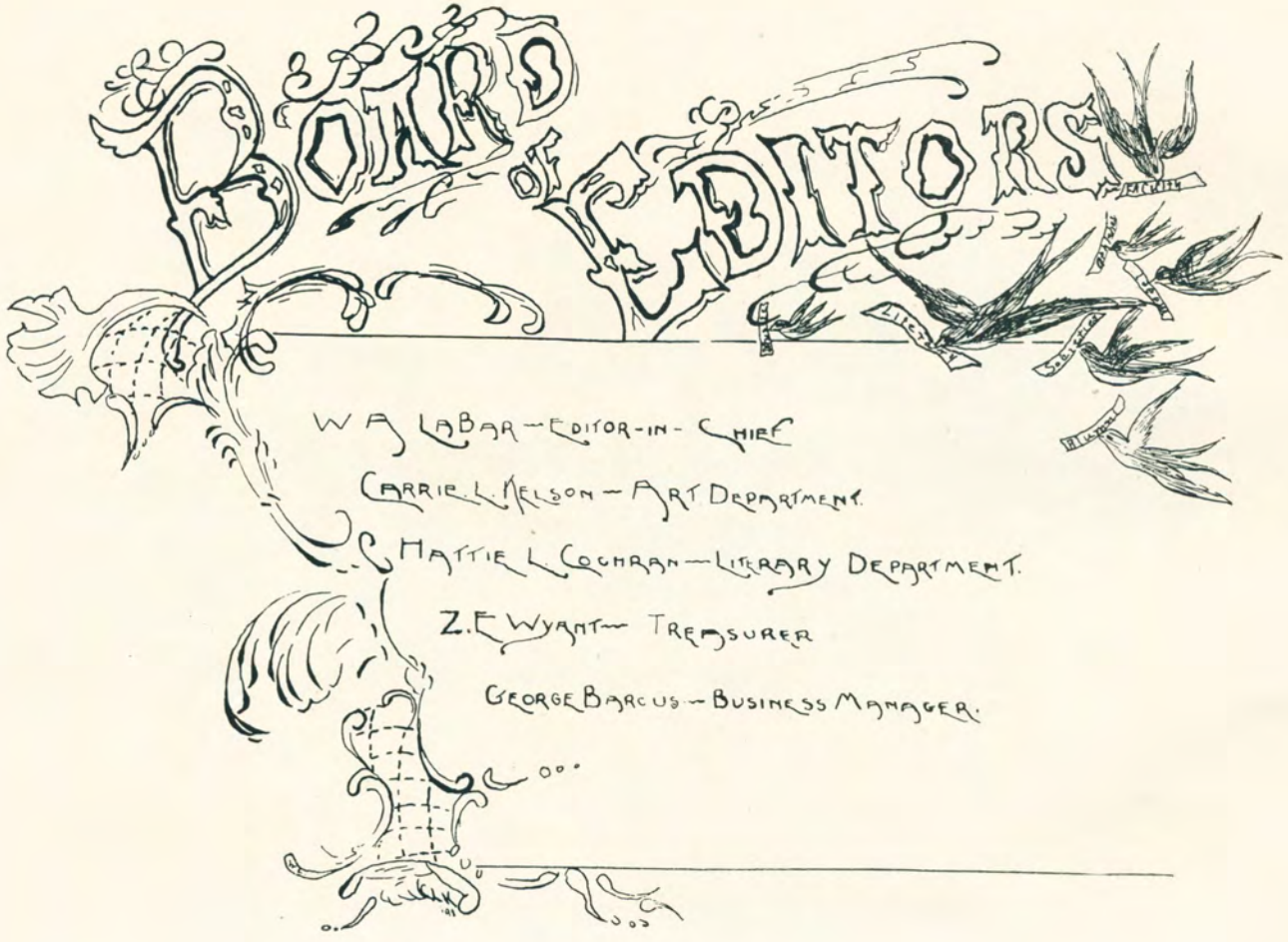
Thus our hail: Good cheer, good cheer,
For whate'er thou findest here,
In the KODAK.



KANSAS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

77493

Board of Editors



W. A. LaBar—Editor-in-Chief

Carrie L. Nelson—Art Department

Hattie L. Cochran—Literary Department

Z. E. Wyant—Treasurer

George Barcus—Business Manager

Ye Editors.

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FOLIO IX. Et Cetera Column.

. . . TO . . .

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, Ph. D.,

The Beloved President of the

KANSAS
STATE
NORMAL
. . . SCHOOL,

This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated
by the Class of '98.

ALBERT R. TAYLOR.

A. R. Taylor, Ph. D., was born in Putnam County, Ill., October 16, 1846, and married to Miss Minerva Dent, of Wenona, Ill., October 16, 1873. He was a student at Illinois Normal University, '63–'64; student at Wenona Seminary, '64–'65; clerk in a dry goods store, '65–'66; machinist, '67–'69; student at Lincoln University, '70–'72; professor of natural sciences at Lincoln University, '72–'82; president of the State Normal School of Kansas, '82—

President Taylor is endowed with those qualities of mind that would have enabled him to understand men and their motives if he had never read a book or listened to a lecture on mental science. By a thorough study of psychology and metaphysics, he has added the results of the investigations of others to what he would have discovered by himself, and stands to-day without a superior in knowledge of the springs of human activity. This knowledge, combined with the power which flows from a life consecrated to the right, and with the sympathy which accompanies a genuine, heartfelt love of humanity is the key to his great success as a teacher, as an author, and as a director. During his presidency there has been perfect harmony among the faculty and students, and a growth not elsewhere paralleled in numbers, in equipment, in efficiency, and in moral strength. Although there have been other factors in this development, his spirit has been dominant in shaping the general policy; his character all powerful in fixing the moral standard. The Kansas State Normal School should have inscribed across its front, "A. R. Taylor made me;" it is the fruit by which he must be known.

ALBERT R. TAYLOR.

Calendar For 1897-'98.

1897.

SEPTEMBER	7	TUESDAY	First Term Opens.
SEPTEMBER	7	TUESDAY	Examination of Candidates for Admission.
SEPTEMBER	8	WEDNESDAY .	
NOVEMBER	15	MONDAY	Mid-term Entrance Examinations.
NOVEMBER	16	TUESDAY	
DECEMBER	22	WEDNESDAY .	Prize Contest in Oration and Essay.
DECEMBER	24	FRIDAY	Holiday Recess.

1898.

JANUARY . .	3	MONDAY	Holiday Recess.
JANUARY . .	28	FRIDAY	First Term Closes.
JANUARY . .	31	MONDAY	Second Term Opens.
JANUARY . .	31	MONDAY	Examination of Candidates for Admission.
FEBRUARY .	1	TUESDAY	
MARCH	18	FRIDAY	Prize Contest in Debate and Dramatic Art.
APRIL	11	MONDAY	Mid-term Entrance Examinations.
APRIL	12	TUESDAY	
JUNE	11	SATURDAY . . .	Prize Contest in Debate and Declamation.
JUNE	12	SUNDAY	Baccalaureate Address.
JUNE	13	MONDAY	Class Day.
JUNE	14	TUESDAY	4 P. M., Annual Meeting Board of Regents. 8 P. M., Alumni Meeting.
JUNE	15	WEDNESDAY .	9 A. M., Mass Meeting. 3:30 P. M., Business Meeting Alumni Association. 8 P. M., Educational Address.
JUNE	16	THURSDAY . .	9:30 A. M., Commencement Exercises. 8 P. M., Class Reception. 10 P. M., Class Meetings, Undergraduates.

THE ONLY COLOR:—

Old Gold.

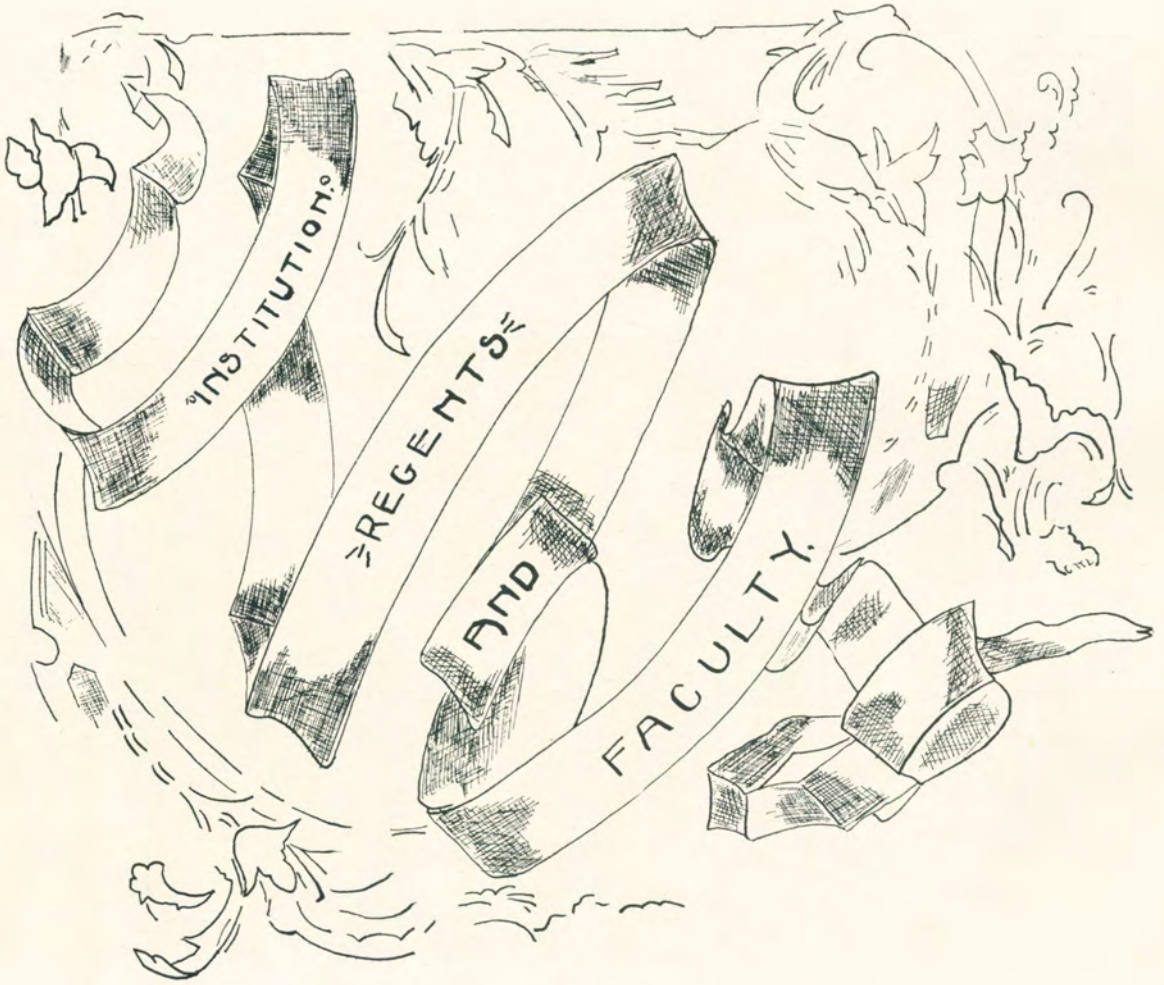
THE ONLY MOTTO:—

Non Forma sed Spiritus.

THE ONLY YELL:—

Rah, rah, rah,
Rip, rah, ren,
Un-fold, old gold,
K. S. N.

FOLIO ONE . . .


INSTITUTION.
REGENTS
AND
FACULTY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE history of the State Normal School, published in 1889, contains a large amount of interesting material. This sketch will therefore give but a few items relative to the first twenty-five years of the history of the school.

"An act to establish, locate, and endow a State Normal School at Emporia" was approved March 3, 1863. The act organizing the school was approved February 16, 1864. Subsequent acts concerning its organization and management were passed and approved March 6, 1873, and March 7, 1877.

The School opened on February 15, 1865, with L. B. Kellogg, a graduate of the Illinois State Normal University, as principal. The parable of the sower was read and the Lord's prayer repeated by those present. Eighteen students enrolled at once, the number rising to forty-two before the close of the year. The first graduating class, that of 1867, was composed of two members. The attendance increased to 215 with the close of the last year of the administration of Principal Kellogg.

Dr. G. W. Hoss, of Indiana, was elected to the presidency in 1871 and served until December 25, 1873. He resigned to accept a position in the State University of Indiana.

Dr. C. R. Pomeroy, of Iowa, succeeded Dr. Hoss and served until the summer of 1879.

R. B. Welch, of Illinois, was elected to the presidency, entering upon the duties of his office in August. He resigned on March 6, 1882, closing his connection with the institution in June.

A. R. Taylor, of Illinois, the present incumbent, was appointed his successor.

The School opened in the old stone building now standing on the Garfield high school campus in the central part of the city. In

ENTRANCE DAY AT THE NORMAL.

January, 1867, it was transferred to the first new building, a two-story and basement stone structure, 40x60 feet, costing about $15,000. After the fire in 1878 it was converted into a coal and boiler house for the main building.

The rapid growth of the School necessitated a larger building, and in 1873 a handsome new structure, three-story and basement, costing $60,000, was opened to the students. It was erected directly in front of the stone building, being connected with it by an ample passageway. The city of Emporia contributed $10,000 toward the erection of this building.

Both of these buildings were destroyed by fire on the morning of October 26, 1878. The classes found temporary accommodations in the M. E. Church building, and were soon after transferred to the boarding halls which had been fitted up at an expense of $1,000 by the city of Emporia.

An act appropriating $25,000 for a new building, carrying with it the provision that Emporia and Lyon County should contribute $20,800, was approved March 7, 1879. On the morning of May 11, 1880, the faculty and students marched into the new assembly room singing "Hold the Fort," the same song they sang with tears in their eyes as they gathered around the ruins of the old building on the morning after the fire.

The new building was almost the exact counterpart of the old, but in a few years proved too small to accommodate the throngs that came from all parts of the State to enter its walls. On March 3, 1887, a bill appropriating $25,000 for a new wing on the west passed the Legislature. In February, 1888, it was ready for occupancy.

Scarcely had the School settled down in its enlarged quarters when everybody realized that the room was still insufficient to meet the demands of the rapidly growing classes. The forces were organized and a "New Wing and a New Assembly Room for the State Normal School" became the rallying cry in every part of the State. The legislature of 1893 appropriated $50,000 for the east wing, and the new assembly room was dedicated to the cause of higher professional education on the evening of Sept. 4, 1894. The dedicatory oration was delivered by Hon. Rodolph Hatfield, of Wichita, who, by the authority of the Board of Regents, christened it Albert Taylor Hall. The old assembly room was cut up into ten rooms, four below and six above. These additions and im-

IN THE LABORATORY.

provements were under the supervision of the State Board of Public Works, composed of S. M. Scott, R. B. Kepley, and William Wykes, and of Seymour Davis, State Architect.

The present building is nearly 300 feet long, contains eighty rooms, is heated by steam, furnished with electric bells and a watchman's electric signal system, is lighted by gas and electricity, is connected with the city and long distance telephone systems, and is a model of its kind. Four rooms are occupied by the library now containing nearly 14,000 volumes. Three rooms are devoted to the art department, eight to the music department, seven to the natural history department, four to the department of physics and chemistry, and four to the literary societies. Albert Taylor Hall is one of the finest assembly halls in this country, accommodating in an emergency fourteen hundred people. The total value of the plant, including endowment, buildings and equipment, is placed at $470,000. The main building has twice suffered seriously from storms. The storm occurring in 1878, blew off the roof at the northwest corner, the repairs costing $427.87. The second, occurring Sept. 8, 1895, carried away the roof over the north end of Albert Taylor Hall, blew in the upper part of the wall, and deluged the entire wing with water, about eight inches falling in the next few hours. The damage to building and furniture was very great. Though the disaster was so distressing, the classes went to their regular recitation rooms in the main building the next morning, and not a moment's time was lost. A joint meeting of the Board of Regents and of the State Board of Public Works was called at once, and the former decided to use contingent and interest funds to pay for the repairs which the latter immediately began. The legislature promptly reimbursed the Regents for the amount expended, $3,787.80.

THROUGH THE LIBRARIES FROM THE WEST ROOM.

The faculty has been increased as the funds at the disposal of the Regents would permit, though not as rapidly as the demands of the school required. In filling the various positions, the Board has been constantly governed by the desire to secure men and women of the highest character, of the most liberal scholarship, and of recognized ability as teachers. The rapid growth of the School and the high standing it has attained among the normal schools of this country

show that in general their choice has been most wise. Several changes and additions have been made since 1889, and the reader is referred to the faculty register for names and dates.

Since 1889 the following chairs have been established: Penmanship and Bookkeeping in 1890; English, 1890; History and Economics in 1893; United States History in 1895; Critic Teacher, Model Intermediate in 1895; Geography in 1897; Physical Training in 1897. Eli Payne and Eva McNally were promoted to associate professorships in mathematics and English, respectively, in 1897. The faculty now consists of 17 regular professors, 2 associate professors, 16 regular assistants and 2 student assistants.

The additions to the courses of study in recent years include definite work in physical culture, one full term's work each in oratory, drawing, and literary criticism; one year's work in Latin; one-half term's work each in child-study, elementary psychology and methods of study, and in special methods in arithmetic and grammar. The work in kindergarten and primary methods has been extended to twenty weeks. In addition to this, the standard for entrance has been raised and the scope of the work in the different subjects enlarged. Practically every subject will now be taught each term as for several years has been the case with the first, second, and fourth year subjects. This change is resulting in larger classes in the third year subjects, and the day does not seem far distant when a majority of the students will be taking the advanced courses.

A CORNER IN THE U. S. HISTORY ROOM.

At the June meeting of the Board of Regents last year it was ordered that the degree of bachelor of pedagogy be conferred upon graduates of the four years' courses on meeting the requirements of any of the prescribed post-graduate courses.

E. L. Payne, '83 and '96, Jennie Whitbeck, '92 and '95, Charles E. Johnson, '91 and '95, and Mary L. McCreary, '95 and '96, completed the course for the degree in June, 1898.

In June last the University of Chicago, after hearing the report of its inspector, placed the School upon its affiliated list and provided for

the acceptance of grades sufficient to enable graduates of the Latin or English course to complete any of its regular bachelor courses in three years, with the understanding that meritorious students would be given further credit as their attainments warranted. Similar and sometimes even more liberal recognition had already been given by Leland Stanford, Jr., Indiana State University, the University of Michigan, Kansas State University, and other leading colleges and universities.

The act creating the School set aside 30,380 acres of land from the congressional apportionment to the State for its endowment. The legislature of 1876 gave twelve additional sections to the School. The sales of these lands have realized a cash endowment of about $270,000, the interest on which now approximates $14,000 per year. Until this year the salaries of the faculty have been fixed by the Board of Regents, the legislature making specific appropriations for apparatus, library, incidental expenses, etc. The legislature of 1897, however, made definite appropriations for the individual salaries of the members of the faculty, and authorized the regents to use the income from the endowment for general expenses and for additional teachers, if needed. The total expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1895, were $34,476.51; 1896, $46,236.44; 1897, $43,645.96.

The growth in the attendance has been phenomenal. For the past eighteen years it has advanced on an average of nearly 100 per year. Almost every county in the State is represented in the enrollment each year, many of them by from twenty to sixty students. From twelve to fifteen different states are also represented in each year's enrollment. The total attendance for the year ending June 10, 1897, was 1801; for 1898, 1957.

In 1891 Prof. M. A. Bailey organized summer classes in mathematics and a few other subjects, which proved so satisfactory that Professor Hill and other members of the faculty also formed summer classes in their respective subjects in the three succeeding years. In 1894, with the approval of the Regents, a summer school was formally organized, the session extending over a period of nine weeks. As many as 275 students have been enrolled at a single session, and the summer school seems to have come to stay.

REGENTS' ROOM.

The School has always been greatly favored in its Regents. Almost without exception they have been men of sterling personal character and of liberal views of education. Although the Board has been divided equally politically for the past five years, there has been the heartiest unanimity on all questions pertaining to the policy and management of the School. To their zeal and to their fidelity to their high trust, is to be attributed the success which has been achieved.

Previous to 1893 the interest fund had been drawn from the State treasury under the original law setting it apart for the current expenses of the School. In that year, however, the Attorney General decided such a course illegal, and he was sustained by the Supreme Court on the grounds that the constitution prohibited appropriations for longer periods than two years. As the legislature was not in session it became necessary to raise the funds needed for salaries and other expenses. The good citizens of Emporia united with the faculty and regents in borrowing money sufficient to tide the School over until the legislature should make the formal appropriation of the interest. The total

JANITOR FORCE.

IN THE ART ROOMS.

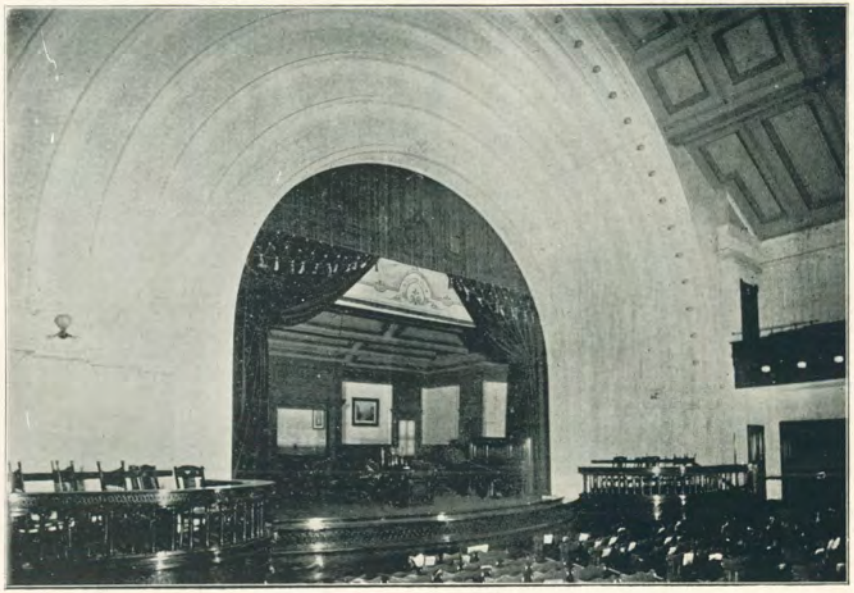
amount borrowed was $13,034. Since that time the appropriations have been made biennially, as required by the constitution.

The State Normal Quarterly was established in 1889, and in 1894 became a monthly. It has served as a valuable medium of communication among the friends of the School, and has done much to extend a knowledge of the facilities offered here by the State. It is edited by the President of the faculty and associates selected from the faculty and students. For the two years ending December 22, 1897, the *Students' Salute* was published weekly by an organization of students. It was well edited and met a popular demand. On

January 28, 1898, the first number of the *Oven* was published under the auspices of the Literati Society. It is issued twice per month and has a wide circle of readers.

For several years the graduating classes had been leaving handsome class-banners on the walls of the President's room, but in 1892 the class also left a handsome steel engraving, "Miles Standish and John Alden." Since that time the banners have been discarded, and a valuable souvenir left at each commencement. The class of 1893 donated a beautiful marble piece, "The First Reading Lesson," costing about $130; the class of 1894 a companion marble piece, "The First Lesson in Sewing;" the class of 1895 an oil portrait of Principal L. B. Kellogg; the class of 1896 set up the Columbian fountain at an expense of about $115; the class of 1897 filled a large niche in the vestibule of the east corridor with a handsome plaster design costing about $150; and the class of 1898 leaves a full length oil painting of Pres. A. R. Taylor.

This brief sketch closes without mentioning many interesting matters occurring during the last decade, though some of them are treated under special heads in this volume. It must not close, however, without a tribute to the individual members of the faculty whose unswerving fidelity and devotion to the interests of the School have been read of all men, nor without a tribute to the nobility and to the loyalty of the hosts of young men and women who have thronged its halls in these busy years. The writer of this paragraph will ever hold them all in grateful remembrance.



ALBERT TAYLOR HALL.

CHECKING OUT BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

THE FACULTY.

The year following each name indicates the date of appointment.

ALBERT R. TAYLOR, PH. D., President, 1882,
Psychology and Philosophy of Education.

JASPER N. WILKINSON, 1884,
Principal of the Model School and Director in Training.

MIDDLESEX A. BAILEY, A. M., 1885,
Mathematics.

JOSEPH H. HILL, A. M., 1887,
Latin.

M'LOUISE JONES, A. M., 1890,
English.

WILLIAM C. STEVENSON, 1889,
Penmanship and Bookkeeping.

EMMA L. GRIDLEY, 1891,
Drawing.

SADIE L. MONTGOMERY, 1893,
Model Primary and Kindergarten.

CHARLES A. BOYLE, B. M., 1893,
Voice, Piano and Harmony.

SUE D. HOAGLIN, 1890,
Elocution.

MARY A. WHITNEY, 1889,
History United States.

ACHSAH M. HARRIS, 1889,
Critic Teacher, Primary and Model Intermediate.

OSCAR CHRISMAN, PH. D., 1896,
History and Economics.

DANIEL A. ELLSWORTH, 1893,
Geography.

LYMAN C. WOOSTER, PH. D., 1897,
Natural History.

THOMAS M. IDEN, PH. M., 1897,
Physics and Chemistry.

MAUDIE L. STONE, S. B., 1897,
Physical Training.

EVA McNALLY, B. L., 1890,
Associate Professor, English.

ELI L. PAYNE, 1890,
Associate Professor, Mathematics.

MRS. HATTIE E. BOYLE, B. M., 1893,
Piano and Theory.

FRANCES S. HAYS, 1890,
Assistant Training Teacher, Model Grammar.

BEATRICE COCHRAN, 1894,
Assistant Teacher, Elocution.

ELVA E. CLARKE, 1892,
Librarian.

MARTHA J. WORCESTER, 1895,
Assistant Teacher, English.

MARY S. TAYLOR, 1894,
Assistant Teacher, Mathematics.

WILLIAM A. VAN VORIS, 1895,
Assistant, Physical Laboratory and Special Physiology.

CHARLOTTE E. CRARY, 1895,
Assistant, Natural History Laboratory and Physical Geography.

MAUD HAMILTON, 1897,
Assistant, Latin and Pedagogy.

ISABEL MILLIGAN, 1897,
Assistant Critic Teacher, Model Intermediate.

JENNIE WHITBECK, 1896,
Assistant in Model School.

HATTIE COCHRAN, 1897,
Manuscript Assistant, English.

EVERETT E. SALSER, 1897,
Assistant, Bookkeeping and Penmanship.

EDGAR B. GORDON, 1897,
Violin.

EDWARD ELIAS, 1895,
Assistant Teacher in French and German.

E. ANNA STONE, 1895,
Assistant, Piano.

ADA HOGLE, 1897,
Assistant, Manual Training.

HATTIE E. BASSETT, 1898,
Assistant, Elocution.

ALLEN S. NEWMAN, 1895,
Secretary.

KATHARINE P. STUCKEY, 1896,
Stenographer.

M. ELEANOR STANLEY, 1897.
Assistant, Library and Office.

BESSIE KNAPPENBERGER, 1896,
Assistant, Library.

CALVIN A. BOYLES, 1892,
Janitor.

Board of Regents.

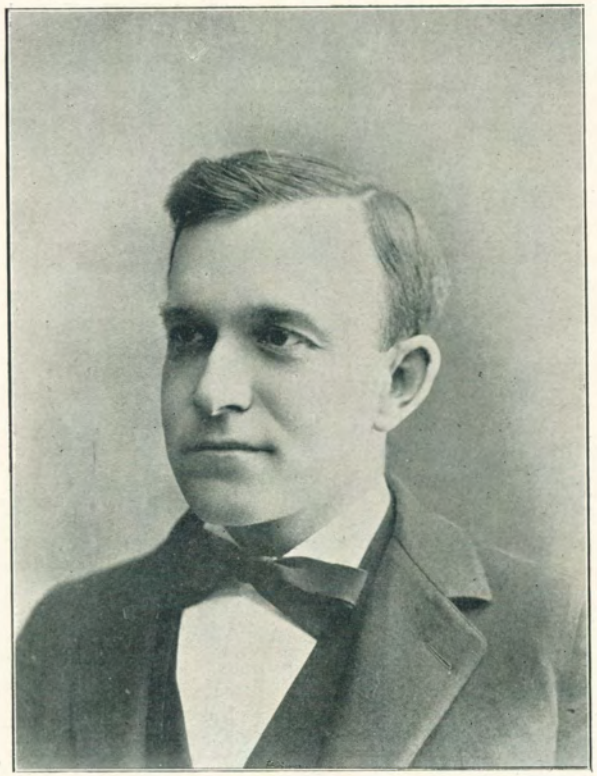
J. S. Winans, Esq., Vice-President.
M. F. Knappenberger, Esq., President.

J. S. McGrath, Esq.
John Madden, Esq., Secretary.

Silvester H. Dodge, Esq., Treasurer.
J. H. Ritchie, Esq.

JASPER N. WILKINSON, Illinois Normal University,
Director in Training.

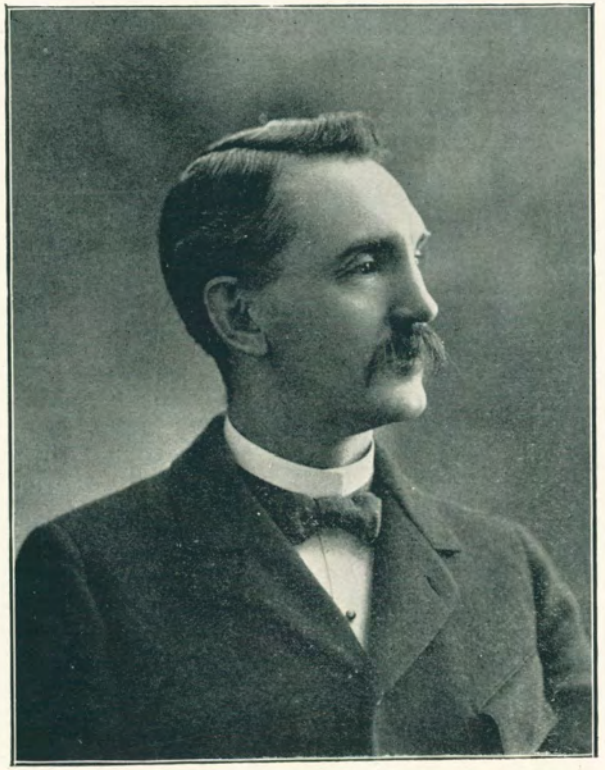
MIDDLESEX A. BAILEY, A. M., Wesleyan University, Connecticut,
Mathematics.



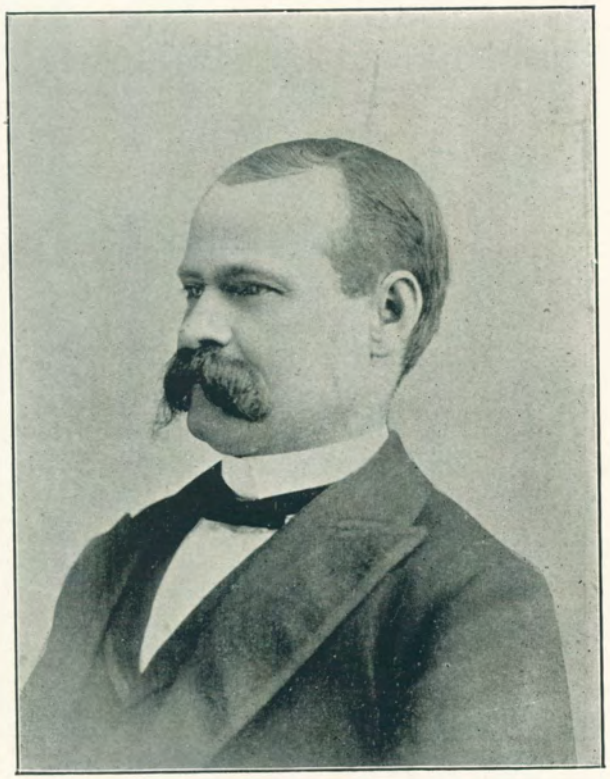
JOSEPH H. HILL, A. M., K. S. N. S., and Northwestern University,
Latin.

M'LOUISE JONES, A. M., University of Michigan,
English.

W. C. STEVENSON, Kansas State Normal School,
Penmanship and Bookkeeping.



CHARLES A. BOYLE, B. M., Pennsylvania State Normal School,
Voice, Piano and Harmony.



ELI L. PAYNE, Kansas State Normal School,
Associate Professor, Mathematics.

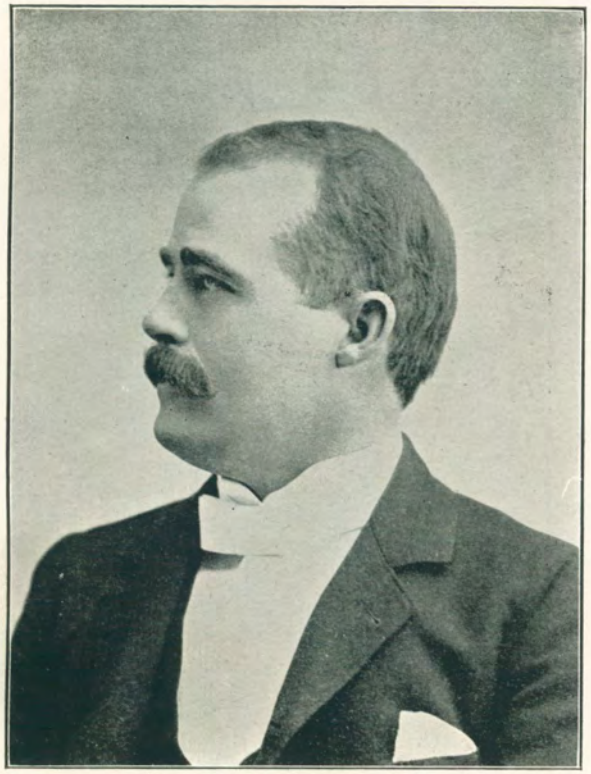
EMMA L. GRIDLEY. K. S. N. S. and Mass. Nor. Art School,
Drawing.

SUE D. HOAGLIN,
K. S. N. S. and Emerson College of Oratory,
Elocution and Oratory.

MARY A. WHITNEY,
Kansas State Normal School and Michigan University,
History United States.

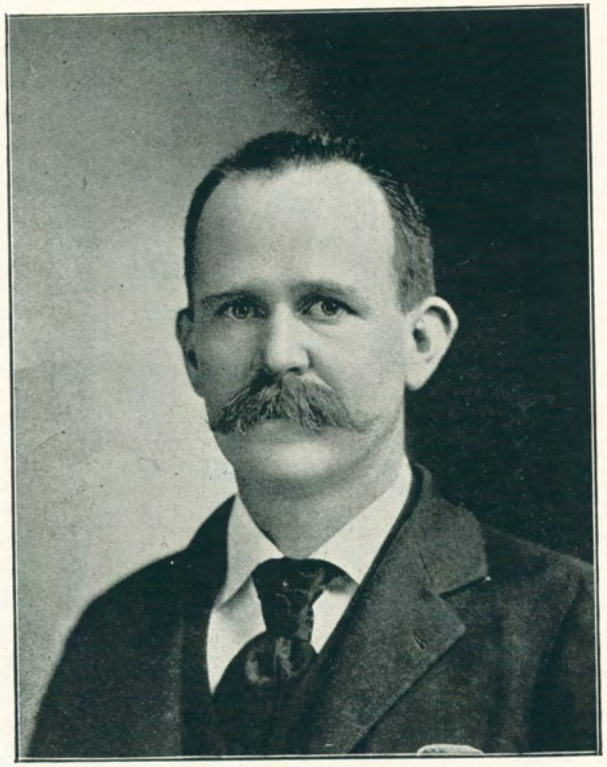
ACHSAH M. HARRIS,
K. S. N. S. and Michigan University,
Critic Teacher, Primary and Model Intermediate.

OSCAR CHRISMAN, Ph. D.,
Indiana State Normal School, Indiana University,
Clark University, and University of Jena,
History and Economics.



DANIEL A. ELLSWORTH,
Geography.

LYMAN C. WOOSTER, Wisconsin State Normal School,
Natural History,



THOMAS M. IDEN, A. M., Butler University,
Physics and Chemistry.

MAUDIE L. STONE, S. B., University of Chicago,
Physical Training.

EVA McNALLY, B. L., Kansas State Normal School, Fulton and Trueblood School of Oratory and Lincoln University, Associate Professor, English.

SADIE L. MONTGOMERY, De Pauw University and K. S. N. S, Model Primary and Kindergarten.
(Photograph could not be obtained.)

1. Martha J. Worcester, '94, Manuscript Assistant, English.
2. Maud Hamilton, '96, Assistant, Latin and Pedagogics.
3. William A. Van Voris, '92, Assistant, Physics and Chemistry.
4. Elva E. Clarke, '92, Librarian.
5. Lottie E. Crary, '96, Assistant, Natural History.
6. Edgar B. Gordon, Violin and Stringed Instruments.
7. Hattie L. Cochran, '90, Manuscript Assistant, English.
8. Hattie E. Bassett, '95, Assistant Teacher, Elocution.
9. Allen S. Newman, '95, Secretary.
10. Katharine Pearl Stuckey, '94, Stenographer.

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1. Mrs. Hattie E. Boyle, B. M., Piano and Theory.
2. Isabel Milligan, '96, Assistant Critic Teacher, Model Intermediate.
3. Mary S. Taylor, '94, Assistant, Mathematics.
4. E. E. Salser, '97, Assistant, Bookkeeping and Penmanship.
5. E. Anna Stone, Second Assistant in Piano.
6. Edward Elias, '97, Teacher, German and French.
7. Frances S. Hays, '91, Assistant Teacher, Model Grammar.
8. Ada Hogle, '90, Assistant, Manual Training.
9. Beatrice Cochran, '93, Assistant Teacher, Elocution.
10. Jennie Whitbeck, '95, Stenographer.

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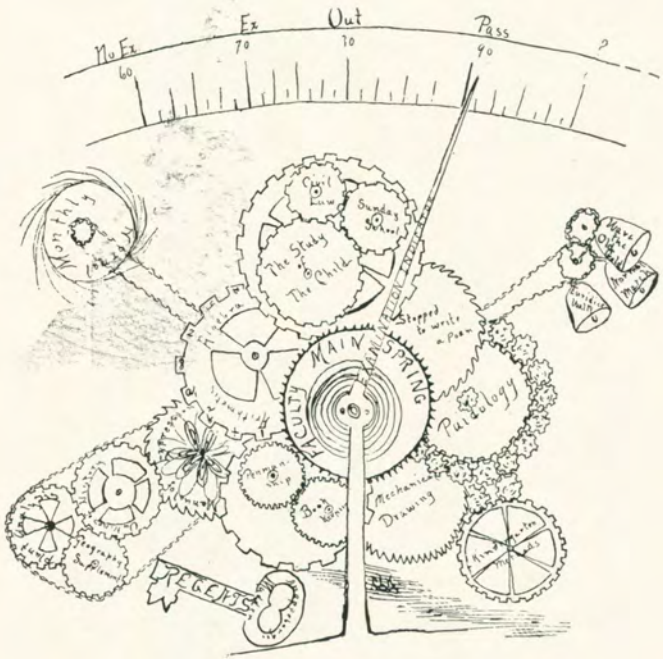
Publications by Members of the Faculty.



PRES. TAYLOR—The Study of the Child.
The Church at Work in the Sunday School.
Local Government of Kansas.

PROF. BAILEY—Mental Arithmetic.
Methods in Algebra.
American Comprehensive Arithmetic.

PROF. STEVENSON—Stevenson's Plate Book.
Stevenson's Book-keeping.
Teachers' Reference Book.

PROF. GRIDLEY—Mechanical Drawing.

PROF. BOYLE—Music—Wave the Old Gold.

PROF. ELLSWORTH—Prairie Phrase, vols. I and II, and other poems.

PROF. WOOSTER—Plant Analysis.

PROF. CHRISMAN—Articles on Child Study.

PROF. WHITNEY—American History—Outlines and Memoranda.

PROF. GRIDLEY—Manual of Expression.

PROF. WILKINSON—Kansas Supplement to Frye's Geography.

MRS. BOYLE—Euridice Waltz.
Normal March.

FOLIO TWO . . .

THE RECORD OF THE ALUMNI.

THE list of Alumni of the Kansas State Normal School grows so rapidly that even the "oldest inhabitant" finds it almost a futile struggle to keep pace with it. Up to the present date, including the class of 1897, one thousand and twelve different persons have received the diploma of the institution, eighty-three of them completing two or more courses; while the class of 1898 will almost, if not quite, equal in number the total membership of the first fourteen classes from 1867 to 1881 inclusive. A statistician finds many interesting facts in the study of the Alumni list. One of them of course is the evidence that so many young ladies of his acquaintance were graduated so long ago; yet there is also clear refutation of the theory that " school m'ams" and matrimony are incompatible and irreconcilable. Of the six hundred and thirty-six names of women in the list, just two hundred add the parenthesis (Mrs. . . . .) to show that, under some circumstances at least, more than one kind of life diploma has attractions for a Normal graduate. It may be encouraging to note that by far the larger percentage of this two hundred is in the earlier classes. This is the known record. So far as the later classes are concerned, there are many indications of what the future may reveal; but it is not the province of the historian to note or record them here. He deals with the facts as they are. "Futures" are not in his line. As to the point here under investigation, statistics are not so easily obtainable concerning the three hundred and seventy-six men in the list, but most of them are married, and the venture is a safe one that most of them married "school m'ams." It would be an impeachment of their ability to appreciate and improve their educational opportunities, if they did not.

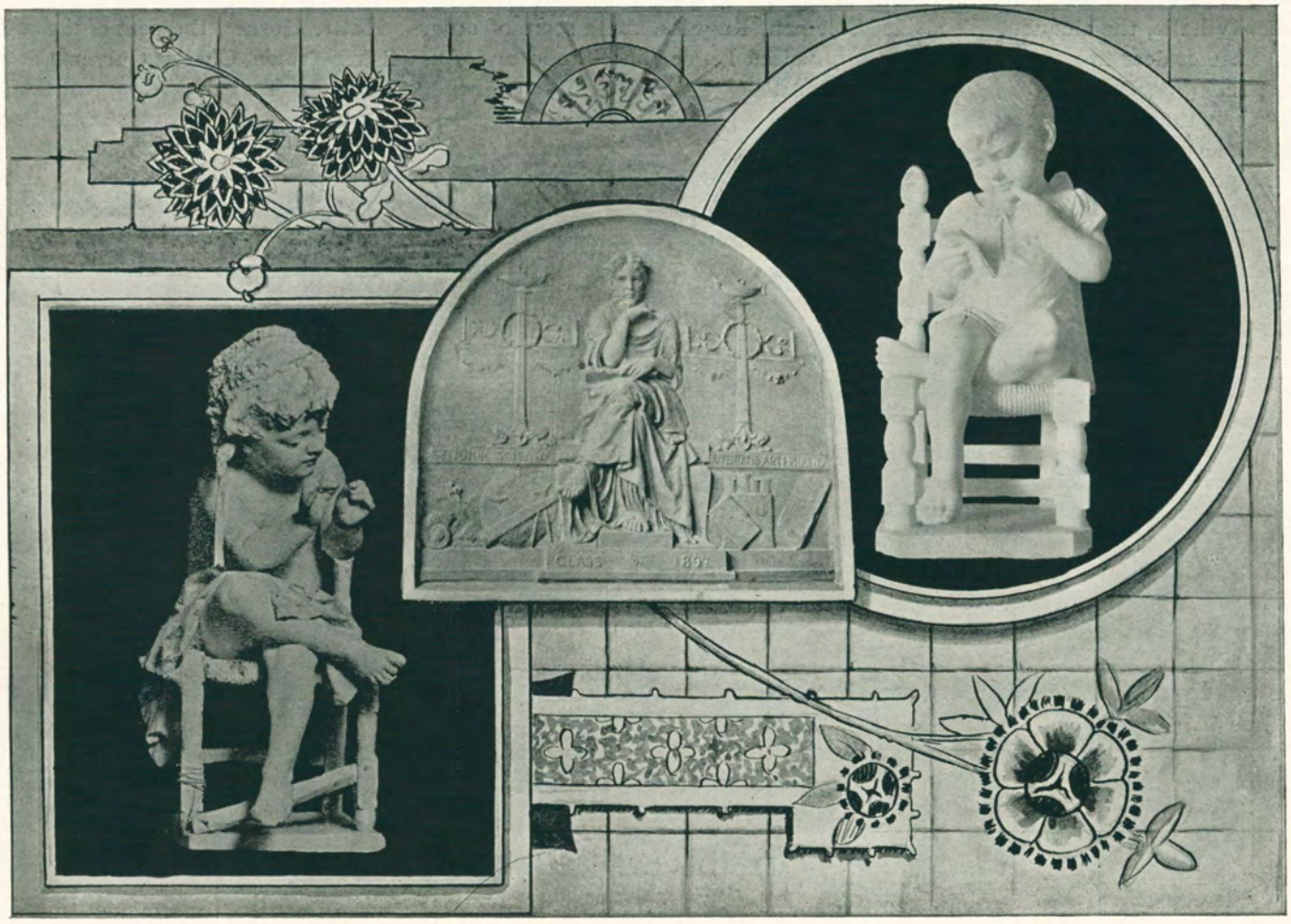
An inspection of the list refutes another impression widely prevalent, namely, that the Normal School sends out two classes of graduates—young women who teach till they marry, and young men who teach till they can enter some other profession. During the last school year, as nearly as the facts can be ascertained, almost seven hundred of the thousand graduates were engaged in teaching or directly related educational work, leaving but a little over three hundred for all other professions, including home-keeping; and that also doubtless involves much educational work.

The aggregate number of years taught by Normal graduates, if investigated, would emphasize the persistence of the pedagogic habit, and would furnish data for a number of interesting problems for the next edition of Bailey's Arithmetic. The first four classes—twenty members—have taught approximately over one hundred and sixty years; one member of the class of 1867 taught fifteen years, two of 1868 thirteen years each, one of 1869 almost twenty-five years, one of 1870 fifteen years, and another more than twenty years. The class of 1875—eighteen members—has seven who are still teaching; most of these have taught almost continuously since graduation; the average of the entire class being probably fifteen years. The average for the first one hundred graduates (1867 to 1880 inclusive) from statistics imperfectly gleaned, is at least eight years, an estimate under rather than above the fact.

Geographically, the distribution is wide; on this continent from Gretna, Manitoba, to Rosario, Brazil, and eastward in the Orient to Tokio, Japan, and Darjuling, India. There are also representatives of the Normal School in Texas and

Missouri. In fact there are missionary workers in every Western State and Territory—twenty-five in California alone—and some have gone even so far as Boston and Ann Arbor, Michigan. Most of them, however, have not traveled so far, but from Richfield to Wathena, from Scammon to Bird City the prairies of Kansas are full of them, reading the Western School Journal and the State Normal Monthly, waving the banner of "Old Gold," and sending petitions to the Legislature against the certificate bill. Everywhere in Kansas they are discoverable to the naked eye by everybody except the corresponding secretary and treasurer of the Alumni Association. They are contemplating the use of microscope, telescope, registered letter, electric battery, and the trump of Gabriel. (The above lines are paid for by the Alumni Association at regular advertising rates.)

Thus far it has been truly a roll of honor. Among the names that come to mind are those of that not-to-be-forgotten first class, Ellen Plumb, still rarely ever missed on commencement day, and Mary J. Watson, before graduation the first teacher in the (then) village of Emporia, and later for three years, of language and history in the State Normal School; Josephine Patty and Josephine Slocum, remembered gratefully by a multitude of pupils; Martha P. Spencer, one of the "first eighteen," her life-history linked indissolubly with the history of the Normal School, with more years of teaching service to her credit, perhaps, than any other graduate, still doing helpful and heroic work; Hattie Hawkins Graves, Nellie Storrs Newman, Nellie Cole Dunlap, three Emporians who have all these years been "stand-bys" of the Alumni Association; Spangler, for fifteen years a missionary in South America; Klock, Superintendent of Helena, Mont., schools; Light, President of New Mexico Normal School; Gridley, of Kansas Wesleyan University; Davis, Superintendent of Oshkosh, Wis., schools; Dyche, of the State University; Conway, President of the State Teachers' Association in 1887; Newton Stout, as yet the only alumnus that has been honored with a place on the Board of Regents; Kizer, abundant in missionary labors in northwest Kansas; Dolphin, Superintendent of the Leavenworth Schools, and Davidson of Topeka; Sadie Rogers, Della Spaulding, Carrie Goddard, Roxanna Davis, Cornelia Slack, Mary Herbert, noteworthy for long-continued terms of service in particular schools which they have taught; a long list of county superintendents including Cavaness, Roberson, Wharton, Asenath Dixon, Carll, Sidney Park-Grisham, Culver, Stephens, Bushey, Payne, Hoaglin, Mack, Barber, McBride, Ella Frazier, Thornley, Julia King, Maggie King, Frazier, Cool, and doubtless others. Pickett, Ford, Picken, Sortor, McClain, Kirby, Reed, Rhodes, Brown, Hastings, Coffman, Myler, Bogle, Jones, Tear, Wishard, Baxter, Goodman, Enloe, the Halls, Johnson, Ellis, Collette, Freas, Hanna, Liggett, Murphy, Balcomb, Crisman, Bogar, Culter, Fowler, Madden, Russ, Carney, Greider, Gordon, Culver, Shively, Epperson, McDonald, Mayberry, Nation, Towner, Claassen, Williams, Leatherwood, Stanley, the Misses Chamberlain, Goff, Hodgdon, Judd, Norris, Baird, Stackhouse, Speer, Ellis, Clark, Brookover, and a host of others who have held or are holding important superintendencies, college or high school places; Kirker, Stubbs, Rees, Severy, Bradley, Wells, Cady, Bolton, Fremont Miller, Reynolds, Mays, Sutton, Docking, Phillips, Cooper, Harmon, among the many who have attained more or less prominence in business, professional or political life. In the present Normal School faculty of nineteen members, nine (most of them with added work in other institutions) count this as their alma mater; seventeen assistants, including the librarian and office force, are also

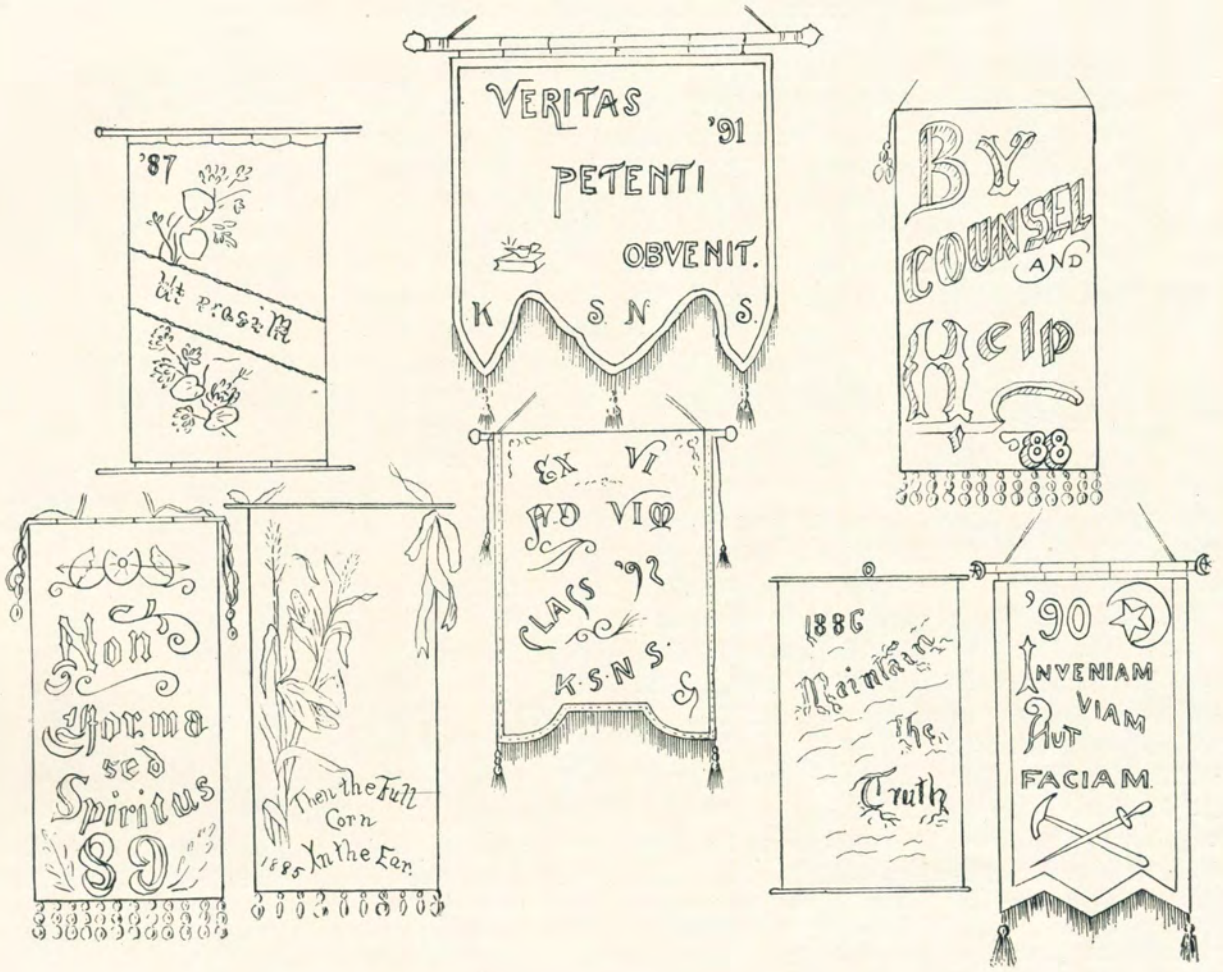


graduates of the institution. Personal memories of many kinds come crowding up ; Lulu Holmes, whose memory is still fragrant to those who knew and loved her; the voices that have resounded in oratory and debate in the old assembly room and society halls, the eloquent Woodside, Coleman, Ruggles, and a score of others ; Hattie Horner, the poet of the prairies ; the names dear to music lovers, the sweet-voiced Lizzie Jones-Stone and Lura Baker-Brown, Chester Culver, George Kittell, Inez Jay, Della Clarke, Clarence Williams and Grace King, the ever-helpful ; these are not forgotten, nor are the many others that might be named, a company widely scattered, but united in spirit and in purpose, clinging, let us hope, to the earlier ideals and rejoicing in the inspiration of common recollections.

Another roll of honor might be made of those whose school education has not ended with the Normal School, a company that every year is gratifying in its increase. The University of Kansas receives many; scarcely a great institution in our land within the last decade has not had someone knocking at its doors from the Kansas Normal School; Adams, Wilkinson, perhaps a few others, have found their way to the universities of foreign lands; the impulse to a larger intellectual life has touched and deepened and will touch more and more the aspiring boys and girls who gather here to find that education is outlook, inspiration, power, for a broadening life in the future. Death has claimed forty, a loved and lamented company; a noble company, because they were worthy. Their names are written in the records, but are written also in the hearts of many, in the hearts of schoolmates, pupils, friends and the loved ones of the home. These all are mourned because the promise of long life was unfulfilled; but are their unfinished lives not, by their very incompleteness, intimations, assurances, promises of immortality ?

The Alumni Association, as at present constituted, was organized in 1880. Its record up to the meeting of 1889 is written with full details in the quarter-centennial history. Since that time, it has yearly given its public program, and its social meetings have always been enjoyable occasions of reunion, reminiscence and good cheer. Membership in the Association may be maintained in one of two ways : by the payment of a life membership fee of ten dollars, which is invested in a permanent fund, and exempts from all subsequent payment of dues, or by the annual payment of a one dollar fee. The life membership provision went into effect in 1892. The present board of directors to control the permanent fund are Ellen Plumb, Mrs. Geo. W. Newman, George I. Adams, Frances Hays, Mrs. H. Dunlap, J. H. Hill. About forty persons have taken the life membership. The record of elections and of the details of literary and social programs is given below :

1890. The officers elected were : President, J. H. Hill ; Vice-President, Mrs. C. B. Graves ; Recording Secretary, Edith Miller ; Treasurer, Ellen Plumb. The programme included the President's address on Morals and Education, and an address by J. E. Klock on Essentials in Public School Work.


'87
Ut prosim
VERITAS
'91
PETENTI
OBVENIT.
K S N S
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AD VIM
CLASS '92
K·S·N·S
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COUNSEL
AND
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Norma
sed
Spiritus
'89
Then the Full
Corn
1885 In the Ear.
1886
Maintain
the
Truth
'90
INVENIAM
VIAM
AUT
FACIAM

1891. The officers of the preceding year were re-elected. The following constituted the literary program: Paper, M. E. Dolphin, Architects of Character; paper, Eli Payne, Patriotism—How Far is the Teacher Responsible? Paper, Laura Harris, A Historical Sketch of the Alumni. The musical participants were C. M. Culver, Inez Jay, and Lura Baker.

1892. The old officers were re-elected, with Ada Hogle substituted for Edith Miller as Secretary. The literary program included addresses by Mrs. C. B. Graves and E. W. Myler, a recitation by Alice Gibson, and an unusual number of musical selections. The record in this connection speaks appreciatively of Blanche and Mayme Williams, Geo. H. Kittell, Lura Baker, Mrs. Stone, Lillian Worden, Mima Rhodes, and the quartet of 1890.

1893. B. C. Hastings was elected President. The other officers were unchanged. At the public meeting an address was given by B. C. Hastings on Physical Training in the Public Schools, a recitation by Daisy Ferguson, and a poem by Hattie Horner. The music was furnished by Misses Clarke and King, a ladies' quartette, and C. M. Culver.

1894. No change is recorded in the officers. The open meeting was addressed by Eli Sutton on Political Sovereignty. Hattie Horner Louthan read a poem. C. M. Williams, Mrs. D. S. Kelly, Lura Baker-Brown and William Rees were on the musical programme. At the banquet J. H. Hill was given a Latin name, which was supposed to mean toastmaster. C. M. Culver welcomed the class of 1894. Jessie Craig gave the response. Sadie L. Montgomery, Grace King, T. H. Reynolds, George I. Adams, J. T. Cooper, President Taylor, and Professor Marsland made the speeches.

1895. The officers elected were: President, W. C. Stevenson; Vice-President, C. M. Culver, Recording Secretary, Laura Harris; Corresponding Secretary, Ora Johnson; Treasurer, Ellen Plumb. The annual concert under the direction of Professor Boyle was given on Wednesday evening, as complimentary to the Alumni, and was followed by the banquet, at which Miss Maud Cunningham was master of ceremonies, and Rose Jones, Allen Newman, Mrs. Dr. Humble, Professor Ellsworth, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Stone, Miss King, and Mr. Pieratt participated with speech and song.

1896. Mary A. Whitney was elected president; Sue. D. Hoaglin, Vice-President; Laura Harris, Recording Secretary; Ora Johnson, Corresponding Secretary; Ellen Plumb, Treasurer. The open program was a symposium on the educational outlook, in which O. P. McClintock, D. L. Stanley, Charles Johnson, and T. B. Hanna, participated. W. C. Stevenson presided at the banquet, and J. H. Hill, Eva McNally, J. W. Mayberry, Hon. John Madden, and President Taylor talked. The others ate.

1897. The officers elected were: President, H. E. Malloy; Vice-President, Kate Miles; Recording Secretary, Jennie A. Whitbeck; Corresponding Secretary, Elva Clarke; Treasurer, Ellen Plumb. The literary program included President Whitney's address: The Relation of the Alumni to the School; a paper, Child-Study, Miss M. E. Dolphin; Recitation, Miss Jennie Thomas; music by Mrs. Laura Brown and the ladies' quartet, Mrs. Harris, Miss Achsah Harris, Miss McCabe and Mrs. Hewitt. At the banquet the "salutatory" address to the class was given by J. H. Hill, Harriet Landers responding. Following the "gustatory" part of the program was "oratory," with Miss McNally in charge, from Allen Newman, George Crisman, Mrs. Graves, Professor Dinsmore and Professor Kelly, President Taylor closing the programme with "One Word More." Thus ends Chapter two of the Alumni History.

A GROUP OF '97 GRADUATES.

1. Hill. 2. Warner. 3. Harding. 4. Goodwin. 5. Lindamood. 6. Morse. 7. Krehbiel. 8. Nall. 9. Brown.
10. Witt. 11. Kennet. 12. Evans. 13. Graham. 14. Becker. 15. Avery. 16. Davis.
17. Bell. 18. Aves. 19. Park. 20. Lockhart. 21. Dickson. 22. Peach. 23. Stewart. 24. Foulks.
25. Cook. 26. Beadle. 27. Martin. 28. Smith. 29. Malloy. 30. Reed. 31. Carney. 32. Freeman.
33. Steele. 34. Hornaday. 35. Means. 36. Mossman. 37. Brown. 38. Wolcott. 39. Braum. 40. Snyder. 41. Evans.

A Group of '96 Graduates.

1. Myers. 2. Ralston. 3. Johnston 4. McCreary. 5. Bradford. 6. Carpenter.
7 Witt. 8. Fosdick. 9. Osborn. 10. Hazelrigg. 11. Forde. 12. Van Hoose. 13. Pike.
18. Mayberry. 14. Robson. 15. O'Connor. 16. Smith. 17. Serviss (Mrs. Spiker,) 24. Cooley.
19. Mills. 20. Rich. 21. Sutton. 22. Perkins. 23. Beach.
25. Wood. 26. Kane. 27. Elkins. 28. Lowry. 29. Kretsinger.

A Group of '95 Graduates.

1. Elliott. 2. Mrs. McDaniel. 3. Mrs. Ernest. 4. McClure. 5. Foulk. 6. Pieratt.
7. Stauffer. 8. Kleinknecht. 9. Lyon. 10. Matson. 11. Winslow. 12. Morrison. 13. Woodside.
14. Edgerton. 15. Reynolds 16. Estes. 17. Reed. 18. Read. 19. Glenn. 20. Humphrey.
21. Turkleson. 22. McClurkin. 23. Dyer. 24. Waters. 25. Marshall (Mrs. Stote). 26. Bardwell. 27. Holtzschue.
28. Mrs. Keene. 29. Bradford. 30. Barnett. 31. Frazier. 32. Olson.

A GROUP OF '93 AND '94 GRADUATES.

1. Courtney. 2. Culver. 3. McClure. 4. Cool.
5. Grant. 6. Kokanour. 7. Atkins. 8. Harman. 9. Mrs. Simons.
10. Edwards. 11. White. 12. Craig. 13. Binford. 14. Brown. 15. Finley. 16. Utter.
17. Jones. 18. Coover. 19. Kelly. 20. Clark. 21. Means.
22. Myler. 23. Mrs. Rader. 24. Plummer. 25. Spencer. 26. Towner. 27. Clarke.

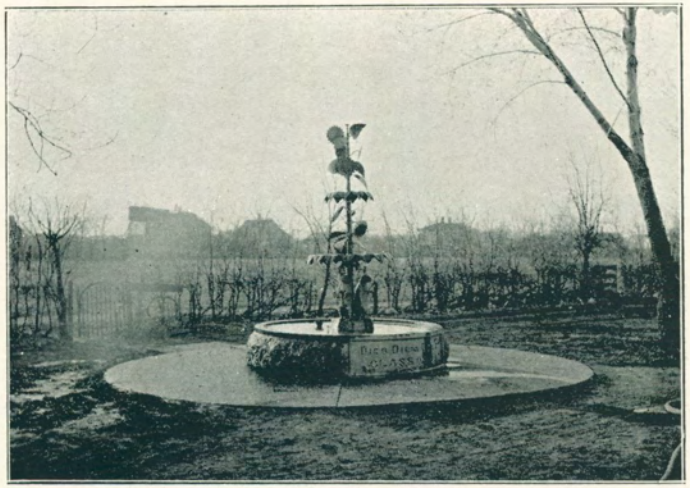
A Few of the Early Graduates.

1. Goff, '87.
2. Johnson, '89.
3. Freeman, '90.
4. Liggett, '92.
5. Reynolds, '85.
6. Gause, (Mrs. Thomas,) '83.
7. Wilcox, '91.
8. Gause, '89.
9. Bacon, (Mrs. Elias,) '91.
10. Carney, '92.
11. Miss Plumb, '67.
12. Gantz, '91.
13. Thornley, '87.
14. Stewart, '85.
15. Fowler, '92.
16. Bogle, '89.
17. Nowlin, '86.
18. Fisher, '88.
19. Wheeler, '91.
20. Murphy, '92.
21. Barrows, '90.
22. Coffman, '87.
23. Bishop, '85.
24. Mack, '86.
25. Piatt, '89.
26. Phillips, '89.
27. Bacon, (Mrs. Droll,) '92.
28. Cady, '85.

1. Louie Chamberlin,' 86, Teacher City Schools, Colorado Springs, Colo.
2. R. S. Russ, '92, Superintendent City Schools, Pittsburg, Kans.
3. Lelia T. Stackhouse, '93, Teacher Dickinson County High School.
4. T. B. Hanna, '92, Principal County High School, Altamont.
5. D. Annabell Speer, '93, Teacher Atchison County High School.
6. Peter A. Claassen, '93, Teacher French and German S. W. K. C., Winfield.
7. Ed. T. Barber, '87, Superintendent City Schools, Great Bend.
8. A. J. Stout, '94, Teacher High School, Emporia.
9. J. M. Rhodes, '89, Graduate Student, Harvard.
10. J. N. Stout, '82, Editor "Post," Neosho Falls.
11. Ernest E. Balcomb, '92, Teacher Natural Science, Oregon S. N. S.
12. J. W. Mayberry, '94, Superintendent Larned City Schools.
13. George E. Wilkinson, '91, Physician, Alton, Ill.
14. Grace A. King, '93, Professor Music, Oklahoma University.
15. K. C. Davis, '92, Principal High School, Austin, Minn.
16. C. A. Shively, Principal High School, Atchison, Kans.

Alumni Group.

1. Martha P. Spencer, '69, Missionary Work, Lawson, W. Va.
2. Anna L. Carll, '82, Professor English, State Normal, Lewiston, Idaho.
3. Jas. T. Bradley, '81, Assistant Cashier First National Bank, Sedan, Kan.
4. Ansel Gridley, '76, Dean Normal Department Wesleyan College, Salina, Kan.
5. Buel T. Davis, '76, Superintendent City Schools, Oshkosh, Wis.
6. Freemont Miller, '84, Banker and Lawyer, Admire, Kan.
7. W. M. Davidson, '86, Superintendent City Schools, Topeka, Kan.
8. L. L. Dyche, '77, Professor Anatomy and Physiology and Taxidermist, State University, Lawrence, Kan.
9. Daniel A. Tear, '89, Principal Fernwood School, Chicago, Ill.
10. Chas. M. Light, '75, President Territorial Normal School, Silver City, N. M.
11. Carrie Goddard, '75, Teacher City Schools, Topeka, Kan.
12. Mamie E. Dolphin, '83, Superintendent City Schools, Leavenworth, Kan.
13. A. P. Davis, '82, Hydrographer, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.
14. J. E. Klock, '75, Superintendent City Schools, Helena, Mont.
15. T. W. Conway, '79, Secretary Oklahoma-Kansas Incandescent Light Company, Winfield, Kan.
16. W. S. Picken, '87, Superintendent City Schools, Iola, Kan.



FOLIO THREE...

Societies
and
Organizations

Lyceum.

COLORS: Pink and Green.

MOTTO: *Qui capit, facit.*

YELL:

Hoo-rah, Hoo-rah,
Zip, boom, bum,
Boom-a-lack-a,
Boom-a-lack-a,
Ly-ce-um.

DEFIANCE.

THE LYCEUM SOCIETY.

AMONG the earliest records of organized literary work in the Normal are found the minutes of the Lyceum Society. Chartered December 12, 1873, it shared honor and membership with the Normal Literary Union until in 1872 it superseded it altogether. In 1873, with the completion of the new building, the Lyceum found commodious quarters in the west end, and a flourishing opponent in the Philadelphia in the east end. With this date began the friendly spirit of rivalry which has since animated all society efforts. In the first contest the Lyceum was vanquished, and the old Literary Union organ, the old music-box of the institution, became the property of the Philadelphia. Ere long, however, the Lyceum possessed a new organ and the defeat proved a blessing.

1. Martin. 2. Hoffer. 3. Balcomb. 4. Emery. 5 Smith. 6. Fritts.
7. Martin. 8. Tate. 9. Doyle. 10. Neff. 11. Chapman. 12. Pfaff. 13. Brown.
14. Henshaw. 15. Collins. 16. Young. 17. Hays. 18. Fain. 19. Bennett.

CHALLENGE.

In the first public contest in the spring of 1874 the Lyceum won the honors in essay, oration and debate. From then until 1878 its history is a variation of successes and defeats, each being accepted with equal grace and docility. At this time, due to the misfortunes of the institution, the two societies united, and the Lyceum furnished no definite records of its own until 1880. With its revised constitution, adopted May 21st, it entered upon a new era of growth and prosperity. Its members were drawn from the best brain and liveliest enthusiasm of the school. This enthusiam soon made of the bare floor and walls a well furnished hall, while the brains provided intellectual feasts and won victories from their neighbors across the halls.

1. Smith.
7. Culp.
12. Rice.

2. McFarland.
8. Lane.
13. Gordon.

3. Barnes.
9. Culp.
14. Good.

4. Sharp.
10. Smith.
15. Bonifield.

5. Kline.
11. Page.
16. Dickason.

6. Lenker.

Two years ago the Lyceum held its first banquet in commemoration of its twenty-third anniversary, and thus gave more prominent expression to that feeling of sociability and good fellowship which has so long been a chief characteristic of Lyceum members. With each annual return of these festivities the society bond is strengthened.

On stepping into the hall on this, the twenty-fifth year since the organization of the society, one feels no sense of the lack of those earlier years. There is a keen appreciation of the comfort and elegance of the present surroundings, and, musing on the former members, many of whom are prominent in the educational work and in the public work of the state, one is forced to acknowledge the dignity and power of this society and to cheer to the echo, the Pink and the Green.

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Zip! Boom! Bum!
Boom-a-lacka! Boom-a-lacka!
Ly-ce-um!

1. Burney. 2. Collins. 3. Edwards. 4. Austin. 5. Barnard. 6. Anderson. 7. Finlayson. 8. Benson.
9. Best. 10. Gillespie. 11. Wells. 12. Brown. 13. Bledsoe. 14. Wilmore. 15. Barnett. 16. Schriver. 17. Baker.
18. Sewell. 19. Evans. 20. Westfall. 21. Clarke. 22. Taylor. 23. Stuckey. 24. Thomas. 25. Howe.

1. Balcomb. 2. Stephenson. 3. La Bar. 4. Fehr. 5. Gerardy.
6. Livoni. 7. Dean. 8. Farwell. 9 Felter. 10. Shoufler. 11. Wolf.
12. Shepardson. 13. Boyer. 14. Kline. 15. Anderson. 16. Cunningham.

. . . Literati . . .

COLORS :—Crimson.

MOTTO :—*Non scholae sed vitae.*

YELL :—

Hoo-rah, hoo-rah,
Oh my,
Rah, rah, rah,
Lit-er-a-ti.

THE LITERATI SOCIETY.

AS Jupiter sat at the Olympian dining table one day in 1880, he suddenly remembered that for two days he had not asked the reporter for the news from Earth. Hastily quaffing his nectar, he turned to Mercury and said: "Son, what hath mortals accomplished of late that is worthy our notice?" "Sovereign Sire," responded the winged god, "may thy thunderbolts strike me if I say not the truth, when I declare unto you that on yester eve was effected a deed which transcends in importance all that hath ever reached thy divine ears." "Where? How? Why? What? Speak," roared the thunderer. "The place," said Mercury, "is located on the surpassing Sunflower Plains. The reason is to be found in the aspirations animating the hearts of thy subjects there assembled. The *modus operandi* was that of every mighty undertaking in this peaceful age, namely, election of chairman, secretary and committees. Finally, as to what it was, listen all ye gods! The Literati Society was organized."

LITERATI HALL.

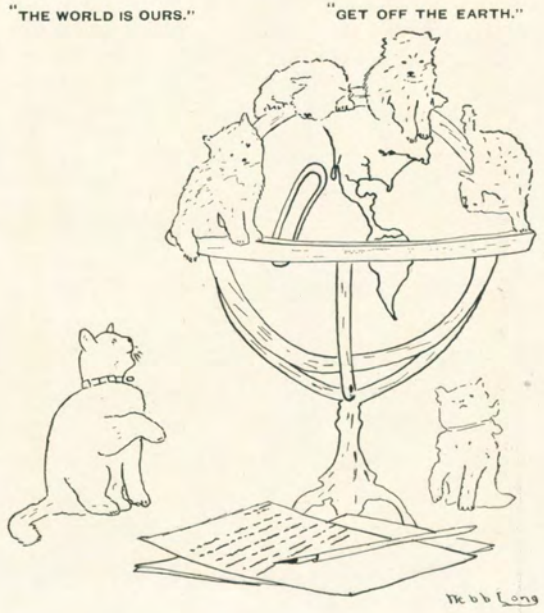
When Mercury had finished, great tumult of rejoicing arose on Olympus. Jove nodded. Under this auspicious influence all the gods and goddesses vowed to bestow some special mark of favor upon this new enterprise. Ganymede brought fresh bowls of nectar, and all the company drank health, vigor, long life and prosperity to the Literati.

In the years since that day, the gods have never ceased to smile. Unnumbered are their special gifts. Mars has inspired many a glorious touch-down and home run. The Literati grid-iron is his new Campus Martius, and the crimson banner, his best loved standard. Apollo has bestowed musical power and manly beauty. Mercury has responded to Literati vows with the gift of all persuasive eloquence. Juno, Venus, and Diana have all given to Literati maidens dignity and graciousness, winsomeness, loveliness, and skill in the chase; while Jupiter and his daughter Minerva have been in a special sense patron divinities of the society.

LITERATI GIRLS.

Not long ago, Mercury came to Juno and presented Jupiter's request for her immediate presence at a general gathering on Mt. Parnassus. She complied at once and on her arrival found there the Nymphs and Graces, Fauns, Heroes, Demigods, and greater gods all holding high carnival. Apollo presently assumed command, and announced that the meeting had been called at his request, so all might hear that he had already given orders for two new laurel wreaths just the size for Literati heads, to be prepared at once, ready for use in June. When the applause occasioned by this announcement had subsided, he seized his baton and led all the hosts in that thrilling, triumphant, reverberating chorus:

Hoo———rah! Hoo———rah!! Oh, my!!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Lit—er—a——ti!!



1. Welsh. 2. Piper. 3. George. 4. Kellar. 5. Engle. 6. Gray. 7. Lueck. 8. Knott.
9. Best. 10. Hart. 11. Harrison. 12. Harner. 13. Long. 14. Kiger.
15. Jennings. 16. Agrelius. 17. Horn. 18. Barcus. 19. Henry. 20. Lucas.
21. Gift. 22. Gramley. 23. Keysor. 24. Bailey. 25. Loomis.

LITERATI GIRLS.

1. Whealey. 2. Mickley. 3. Priest. 4. Turkleson. 5. Moore. 6. Slater. 7. Potter.
8. Canty. 9. Rose. 10. Masters. 11. Matkins. 12. McKinley. 13. Milton.
14. Priest. 15. Mahin. 16. Davis. 17. Featherngill. 18 Moore. 19. Mahin.

LITERATI GIRLS.

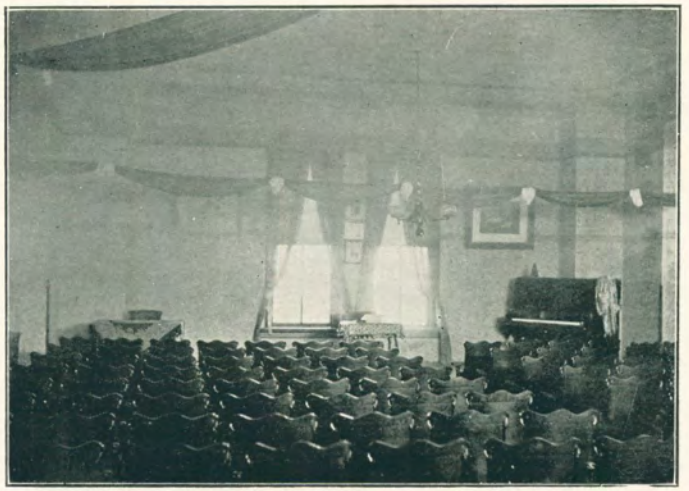
Belles=Lettres.

COLOR :—Orange.

MOTTO :—Dare to be wise.

YELL :—

Rickety, rackety,
Biff, boom, bah,
Belles-Lettres,
Belles-Lettres,
Rah, rah, rah!



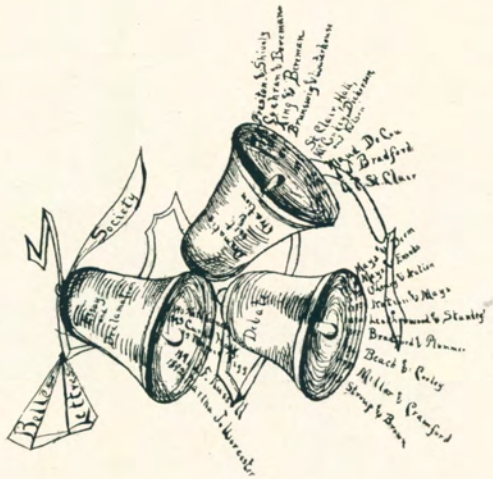
BELLES-LETTRES HALL.

THE BELLES-LETTRES SOCIETY.

EVERY civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale; so has each man, each society of men. It is true of churches, clubs, literary organizations. One society, with red flag flying, marches to the strains of martial music. The drum beats, the fife plays, they step

along together with an "Always-at-the-top" look on their faces. Another floats along to the soft strains of the violin. Here all is beauty—the pink of sunset, the green of budding nature. "All join hands and circle to the left," comes the call, while the bronze gladiator in the front hall seems to echo back, "Left! Left!" "All join hands or you'll get left." Still another feels "a mental throb" only when listening to good old-fashioned gospel hymns. Sometimes a revival makes the brothers shout, but usually the spirit is kept hopeful by the strains of "In the Sweet By and By." But the music dear to the Belles-Lettres heart is the chiming of the bells; the dinner bell inviting to a feast of good things; the fire

bell clanging out to cool off, to throw on water; the school bell, showing that the progressive Belles-Lettres spirit is abroad. Sometimes the bead-like tolls proclaim the death of cherished hopes; sometimes the crowded peals can "scarce be shook out" for joy over timely victories, but ever loud and strong may be heard the chime for "Peace on Earth, Good Will to men."



The Bells.

(Written for the Belles-Lettres Society, by D. S. LANDIS, '94.)

Out in the mist of wonderful years,
Tangled with laughing and tragical tears,
Glories are pulsing with jubilant calls,
Wild as the autumn in magical halls,
Mingling with tabrets the vision that tells
Life in a life with the glorious bell,
And the chimes go wide
With the ships and tide,
Pointing the soul the great Heart-Pole.

Far in the haze of mystical blue,
Old as the stars that remember the dew,
Strong as the pinions that circle the crags,
Deep as the glory of national flags,
Ancient as vowing and violet dells,
Holy as living, O wonderful bells,
And the chimes go wide
With the ships and tide,
Pointing the soul the great Heart-Pole.

Wild in the dawn of fame and its might,
Ringing the message of grandest delight,
Filling with glory the kingdoms of time,
Calling the prophets and poets with rhyme,
Fulgent with grandeur and turbulent swells,
Flaming the soul with peans of bells,
And the chimes go wide
With the ships and tide,
Pointing the soul the great Heart-Pole.

Here in the morn of heroical strife,
Naming the stars and morns of a life,
Bringing the visions that memories pass,
Painting a canvas on oceans of glass,
Drawing the water from Israel-wells,
Living and loving in pulse of the bells,
And the chimes go wide
With the ships and tide,
Pointing the soul the great Heart-Pole.

Some societies display the best they have;
Behold their physical beauty!!!
But if BRAINS could be photo-
graphed WE'D be here.

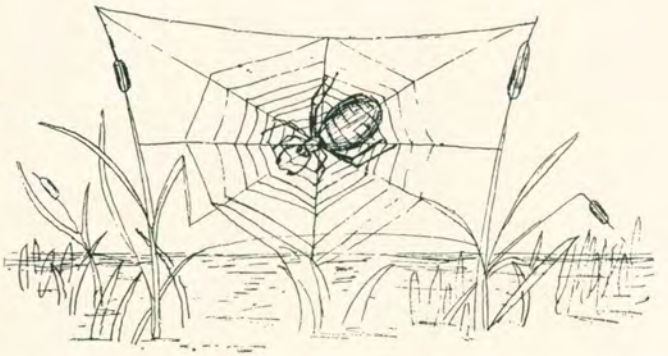
Philomathian.

COLORS:—Blue and White.
MOTTO:—*Sic iter ad astra.*

YELL:—

Rah, rah, rah,
Rip, rah, ren,
Phi-lo, phi-lo
Ma-thi-an.

THE PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.



A FORMER historian of this society has said, "The history of the Philomathian Society is a record of development. It has not, as the flower of the field, sprung up, blossomed and faded in a season, but its growth has been like the mighty oak, whose delicate, tender stem, nourished by proper environments, has steadily grown till the enormous trunk stands the giant of the forest. A tender sapling at first, but with the energies of a Crisman, a Culter, a Davis, a Donica, a Doerle, a Kittlaus, a Stone, and many others, combined with the sunshine of approving 'Lovers of Wisdom,' its growth was so rapid, its development so symmetrical, that it soon commanded the attention of all who knew it."

In September, 1891, the other society halls were so crowded that the opportunity for literary work was small. So a number of earnest students decided to organize a new society. A meeting was held September 17, 1891, and an organization perfected. With fifty charter members the Philomathian Society began its work. The fact that the society had no hall, and for three years was compelled to meet in a class-room—number 44—may have hindered the growth in numbers, but it did not hinder the development of true society spirit and strength.

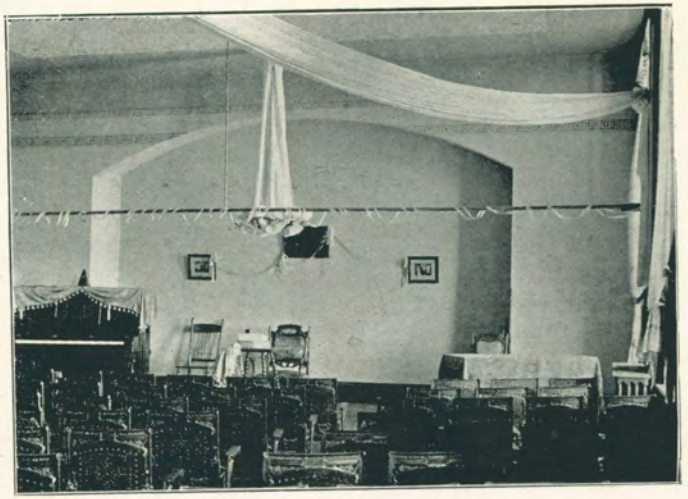
The literary talent and earnest spirit of the members won for the society a place in the contest in debate and dramatic art, May 14, 1892. Messrs. Culter and Woodside upheld the Philomathian colors in the debate. The result was a glorious victory, for the new society, not a year old, received the honors in both debate and dramatic art. In June came the contest with the Lyceum. Again victory came to the blue and white through the efforts of Woodside and Gridley. The society met its first defeat with the Literati in June, 1894. The judges could not be convinced that "industrial co-operation is better than competition." In the March contest the following year the Belles-Lettres returned the compliment of four years before, and took both debate and dramatic art. Scarcely had the smoke of the battle lifted when the cheering

PHILOMATHIAN GROUP.

1. Knauss. 2. Houseworth. 3. Herst. 4. Washburn. 5. Young. 6. Cook.
7. Stein. 8. Grover. 9. Nieman. 10. Read. 11. Souders. 12. Atkeson. 13. Reno. 14. Huey. 15. Hothan. 16. Marlar.
17. Maple. 18. Harrin. 19. Joseph. 20. Rhinehart. 22. Turney. 23. Louise S. 24. Jones. 25. Jones. 26. Cain.
27. Row. 28. McDermott. 29. Wymore. 30. Bartlett. 31. Burris. 32. Davis.

news came that our " Forrest Woodside " had taken first place in the state oratorical contest and would represent Kansas in oratory. Again came another contest with the Literati. O'Connor and Cook as debaters nobly upheld their side, but the judges gave the debate to the Literati after reserving the first prize for O'Connor. In dramatic art, the Philomathians won the prize. In '97 the Lyceum wrested both debate and dramatic art from the society. In oratory the representatives of the Philomathian tied with another society for first place, and in the peculiar method of untying which was used, our society was the loser.

This has been a happy, prosperous year for the society. Messrs. Thoroman and Dunbar won the March debate, Mr. Thoroman taking first prize. The earnest, untiring work is having its effect, and the number of good, strong, able members augurs well for the future of the society. Within the ranks of the society there is no dissention. Every one is ready for duty. The society is enthusiastic, but the enthusiasm is quiet and determined. What prophet will undertake to speak of what the future has in store for the "Lovers of Wisdom?"



PHILOMATHIAN HALL.

PHILOMATHIAN GROUP.

1. Kinsman. 2. Stegeman. 3. Shellenbaum. 4 Ganoung. 5. Harley. 6. Lyon 7. Spease.
8. Miller. 9. Leatherman. 10. Miller. 11. Turtle. 12. Stevens. 13. Torrance. 14. Johannes. 15 Griswold. 16. Brumbaugh. 17. Chandler.
18. Wyant. 19. Mummy. 20. Dunbar. 21. Louise Simons 22. Thoroman. 23. Brobst. 24. Vance.
26. Rule. 27. Lines. 28. Sheedy. 29. Pearsall. 30. Amyx. 31. Seys.

"Once we were four,
Now we are one;
To-day one,
To-morrow four."

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC, ... NORMAL BAND
RECITATION, Selection from "Bird's Christmas Carol," . . CLAUDIA BRYAN
VIOLIN SOLO, ... PROFESSOR GORDON
CUTTING FROM SHAKESPEARE, ...
GERMAN SELECTION, ... RENNA MENKE
QUARTETTE, . MESSRS. MAHIN AND O'NEILL, MISSES STRATTON AND THOMAS
RECITATION, "Old Ace," . . . . . NINA CLARK
PIANO SOLO, ... PROFESSOR E. ELIAS
DEBATE, ...

Resolved, That the contract system of employing convict labor ought to be abolished.

Affirmative: A. M. THOROMAN, J. E. BOYER.
Negative: CHAS. MCKINLEY, CARRIE L. KELSON.

"Proudly as the Eagle," *Spohr*, ... ORPHEUS CLUB

RECESS.

THE AUCTIONEER QUARTETTE, ...
THE REVEL OF THE NAIADS, ...
PIANO SOLO, ... MISS KIRKTON
RECITATION, ... GLADYS THOMAS
GERMAN SONGS, ...
PIANO DUETT, ... MISSES PERKINS AND WOODROW
RECITATION, ... A. H. DICKERSON
TILL WE MEET AGAIN, . . MRS. CHAS. HARRIS AND MISS ACHSAH HARRIS

THE REVEL OF THE NAIADS.

The Hood Prize Contest in Debate and the Contest in Dramatic Art.

The contestants are chosen by their respective societies

The affirmative speakers in debate represent the Belles-Lettres and the negative the Philomathian Society.

The rules provide that the Society winning this debate shall engage with the Society winning the debate in the coming June contest, in the June contest in 1899. The other two Literary Societies will contest in debate and dramatic art in the March contest, 1899.

The prizes of $30 to the contestant ranking first in the debate and of $10 to the one ranking second are generously offered by *Hon. Calvin Hood*, of this city.

The prize in dramatic art is a handsome art piece for the hall of the winning Society, and is provided by the State Normal School.

The rules of the contest restrict the number of persons engaging in dramatic art from each Society to five.

The State Normal School, Emporia, Kansas, Friday Evening, March Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Ninety Eight. . . . .

PROGRAM.

MUSIC—"With Sheathed Swords" (Triumphal March from Damascus) ..... *Costa*

CHORUS.

INVOCATION.

MUSIC—"Summer Days" ..... *Abt*

CHORUS.

DEBATE—*Resolved*, That the interests of the public service demand that the United States establish a National University at Washington.

Affirmative: A. B. STROUP, G. A. BROWN.

Negative: W. L. DUNBAR, A. M. THOROMAN.

MUSIC—Mandolin and Guitar Duet .....

HARRY AND ARTHUR WISMEYER.

DRAMA—"Mary Stewart." (Act III, Parts of Scenes I, III, IV.) Mary, now Elizabeth's prisoner, secures an interview with her, the direct result of which is Mary's execution. (Act V, Scene VII.) Mary's confession in her prison preparatory to her execution.

PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mary, Queen of Scots	MARGARET R. TURNEY
Elizabeth, Queen of England	NANNIE C. JONES
Hannah Kennedy, Mary's maid	FLORENCE L. JOSEPH
Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's attendant	C. T. RHINEHART
Earl of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth's attendant	C. W. JONES
Melville, Mary's house steward	C. W. JONES

MUSIC—Mandolin and Guitar Duet .....

HENRY AND ARTHUR WISMEYER.

DRAMA—"Virginius." (Act III, Scene V.) A Mountain Pass. (Act IV Scene I.) House of Numitorius. (Scene II.) Forum.

BELLES-LETTRES SOCIETY.

Dramatis Personæ.

Virginius, a Roman centurion	ALLAN T. ST. CLAIR
Virginia, daughter of Virginius	CAROLYN HALL
Appius Claudius, decemvir	CARRIE L. KELSON
Marcus, a messenger	A. H. DICKERSON
Lucius, a messenger	A. H. DICKERSON
Icilius, lover of Virginia	A. H. DICKERSON
Numitorius, uncle of Virginia	C. M. MCCONKEY
Caius Claudius, client of Appius	C. M. MCCONKEY
First Soldier	C. M. MCCONKEY

MUSIC—"Ivy Green" ..... *arr. W. T. Giffe*

ORPHEUS CLUB.

DECISION OF JUDGES.

JUDGES.

Debate.	*Dramatic Art.*
HON. C. B. GRAVES.	MR. DUNLAP.
HON. L. B. KELLOGG.	MRS. F. C. NEWMAN.
HON. JACOB STOTLER.	MRS. F. C. METCALF.

DRAMATIC ART.

THE JUNE CONTEST.

We arrange a deep dark plot for our opponents.

ON the evening of June 11 occurred the most memorable event of the year. The Lyceum and Literati met in joint combat in Albert Taylor hall. Each was seconded by five hundred pairs of lungs. Two thousand eyes were turned in anxious expectancy toward the stage, beautifully decorated with palms. The air was redolent with the perfume of roses; streamers of crimson floated from one box, and pink and green from the other. The auditorium was one confused mass of color.

The debaters entered, President Taylor took his seat behind the silver urn, laid his watch on the table beside the call-bell, and after the usual preliminaries, E. D. George stepped forth and the fight was on. With matchless eloquence and rare skill he spoke of the reasons why an income tax would be a desirable part of a scheme for Federal taxation. Mr. George took his seat amid thunders of applause, and R. V. Anderson calmy and deliberately took up the gauntlet and proceeded to tear his opponent's argument to shreds—one almost thought an American war ship had fallen upon a Spanish vessel. As he spoke he became more and more eloquent, and with telling effect hurled shot after shot at the advocates of an Income Tax. It seemed that no more could be said. Again the thundered applause! Then Chas. McKinley of the Literati took the floor. Nothing daunted, with his clear, rich voice, he added argument upon argument, and as he sat down five hundred crimson ribbons waved, and five hundred souls were confident of victory. Still the battle raged. C. W. Kline, with unrivaled judgment, showed the fallacies of an Income Tax, and closed the debate for the Lyceum just as the bell called time. The roof fairly shook, and the hall turned pink and green. Again E. D. George entered the arena. In a few brief sentences he summed up the argument for the affirmative.

Our debaters do nobly, and we cheer ourselves hoarse.

The band played, the Euridice sang, the "Orphans" sang, until finally a dignified gentleman with an ominous slip of paper appeared. All eagerly awaited the decision. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I once was in a contest—" then followed words of consolation to the losers, words of congratulation for the winners, words telling how he once lost in a contest and still achieved distinction while the winner died; words eulogizing the debaters, the Normal, the students, the President—"words, words, words." A thousand hearts beat a million times. Finally a hush fell over the vast assemblage as he said, "The decision goes to the L——— Society."

How they did yell! How the colors waved! The pent-up enthusiasm of half a thousand souls found adequate

expression at last. Never had Albert Taylor hall witnessed such scenes of excitement. Bedlam itself was out-Bedlamed. The winners were carried to their hall on the shoulders of stalwart braves.

Within the hall men gesticulated, women screamed, everybody made speeches. President Taylor said it was the strongest contest ever held; Miss Jones said that the briefs were masterpieces. The winners of the first prize in a carefully-prepared extemporaneous speech told how it was done, and how unexpected it all was. The judges spoke again. But janitor Boyles was unsympathetic and turned off the lightning.

Down the street marched a hundred yelling boys. The dizzy heights of the ætherial regions clashed and resounded with society yells. A few ardent spirits fought the contest over again. The night-watchman telephoned for the police, and as for the rest, anyone who was there can tell you all about it.

Our contestants lose and we look as we feel.

LYCEUM,
C. W. Kline and R. V. Anderson.
BELLES-LETTRES,
A. B. Stroup and G. A. Brown.

Allan T. St. Clair,
Winner of the Third Interstate
Normal Oratorical Contest.

LITERATI,
Chas. McKinley and E. D. George.
PHILOMATHIAN,
A. M. Thorpman and W. L. Dunbar.

The Oratorical Association.

THE Oratorical Association of Kansas State Normal was organized in the autumn of 1883. The objects of the organization as set forth in Art. 1, Sec. 3, of the constitution are: "To further the interests of higher literary work, to create an interest in oratory, and to take part in the contests of the Inter-State League of State Normal Schools."

The local organization here was one of the originators of the State Oratorical Association. After eleven years of honorable and successful membership in the State organization, we were dismissed on the complaint of some of the other colleges and universities who were unable to defeat the representatives of the State Normal School. The College of Emporia and the Kansas University were most jealous of the Normal's record, and to them we owe our dismissal, as they were the first to oppose our membership in the higher organization. But the Normal School, when forced to retire, held first place.

Those who have won the State contest for Kansas State Normal are: Alfred Docking, '85; W. C. Coleman, '93, and Forrest Woodside, '95. Mr. Woodside was the last Normal orator in a State contest. Twice the Association has been represented by ladies. Miss Hoaglin won the local contest in '86, and Miss Campbell in '92.

No sooner was the Normal organization dropped from the State association than a quiet but earnest effort was put forth to perfect a league of Normal Schools. At a conference held at St. Joseph, Mo., an organization was formed which is called "The Inter-State League of Normal Schools." In this League, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois are represented. The first contest under the auspices of the new League was held at Warrensburg, Mo., on May 8, 1896. Mr. Ira J. Bradford spoke for Kansas. The second contest was held in Albert Taylor hall May 7, 1897. In this we were represented by Mr. Frank M. Mahin. Whether precedent had anything to do with it or not, we do not know, but Kansas followed the example set by Missouri the year before and took fifth place, leaving the other ranks for the visiting friends. This year Mr. Allan T. St. Clair was the winner of the local contest, and won first place for Kansas State Normal in Normal, Ill., in May.

In 1894 Forrest Woodside was the President of the State Association. In 1896 T. F. Morrison was Vice-President of the Normal League. The local Association has had such able presiding officers as A. T. Mills, '91; N. McDonald, '92; S. A. Bardwell, '93; Geo. W. Plummer, '94; J. G. Richards, '95, and V. E. Creighton, 96.

At the local contest two prizes are awarded. The first prize is $20, and the privilege of representing the school and the State in the annual League contest. The second prize is $10. The present membership of the local Association is

approximately 150. The meetings, which are held at the call of the President, often call for a thorough knowledge of parliamentary law. The present officers are President, A. M. Thoroman, *Philomathian;* Vice-President, W. A. LaBar, *Lyceum;* Secretary, J. G. Masters, *Literati;* and Treasurer, G. A. Brown, *Belles-Lettres.*

THE ILLINOIS CONTEST.

WEDNESDAY, May 4th, about two thousand people might have been seen at the Emporia, Santa Fe station. The K. S. N. delegation was about to start for Illinois. Tuesday evening an enthusiastic "send-off" had been given Mr. St. Clair and his supporters. The company monopolized an entire coach, and after leaving Kansas City, refreshments were served from a common larder in one end of the car. The menu would have done credit to Delmonico himself. Old Missouri was awakened from her post-bellum slumbers by the incessant yelling of the Orphans. They were simply practicing. At eleven the Euridice reposed peacefully in the arms of Morpheus while Orpheus dreamed of the time when he led Eurydice from Hades. The slumbers of the company were broken only by Powell's ecstasy over the Mississippi river, the entrance of the conductor at Roodhouse, the fervent ejaculation of Gifford as he tightly grasped a young lady's ticket and told the inquiring con., "There, she's mine," and the snoring of ——— well. At intervals the night air would resound to the tune of "Ham Sandwiches!" as only Mahin's tenor voice could give it.

Rain and a reception committee met us at Normal. The electric line had a trolley off, so a brief walk brought us to the Illinois Normal University building. A commodious room, beautifully decorated with sunflowers that never could have been grown in the Sunflower State, had been set apart for the Kansas delegation. The best homes in Normal were thrown open to us and the day was passed rapidly and pleasantly in visiting classes, forming acquaintances and renewing old ones.

Thursday evening a thousand people assembled in the new gymnasium, the occasion being a reception in honor of the visiting delegations. After a brief musical program the fun began. Pandemonium does not half describe it. A dozen stalwart Badgers tried in vain to let the people know that, "We're no lie, we're no bluff, we think we're pretty hot stuff, Wis-con-sin." Three or four Hawkeyes were completely lost and their yell could not be heard. As for the Missourians, there were but three. Comment is unnecessary. Two or three hundred Suckers damaged irreparably their vocal chords on "Covey, Covey, H. E. Covey." Sixteen Orphans poured forth yell after yell, in perfect unison and were heard above all the others. The Suckers are excellent entertainers, but they can't yell. Kansas easily won first in that memorable

contest of lung power. The Jayhawker song given in full in the Etcetera Folio, stopped the vocal fireworks and elicited thunders of applause for the Orpheus. Then the Euridice added to their reputation by singing

GOING BACK TO KANSAS.

TUNE :---Marching Through Georgia.

All the way from Kansas, we have come to Illinois,
Faculty and delegates and a winning Kansas boy;
Every city greeted us with unrefrained joy,
While we were coming from Kansas.

Hurrah, hurrah, we've come to Illinois,
Hurrah, hurrah, for Kansas and her boy;
So we'll sing the choruses and shout about for joy
When we're going back to Kansas.

Kansas' daring Jayhawk boy will not be in the race,
So the Suckers all agreed who hoped to win first place.
Hoping they can take defeat with well-becoming grace,
We are going back to Kansas.

How the Suckers wilted when they heard the warning sound,
How the Badgers scrambled when we started on the round;
How the Pukes and Hawkeyes hustled, tore their hair and frowned,
When they saw the orator from Kansas.

The male quartet—Kline, Mahin, O'Neill and Powell was very popular. After the reception the Opera House was the center of attraction where two-steps and waltzes followed each other in rapid succession.

Friday morning basket ball games were an interesting feature. Missouri and Kansas championed two teams composed of Illinois girls. Iowa and Wisconsin did the same for the boys' teams. In the afternoon the Illinois Normal ball team played the Bloomington Pastimes. Barnes, the Kansas pitcher, Potter, our second baseman, and Lucas, who played left field, won the game for Normal by 11 to 7. A contest between the track teams of Illinois and Wisconsin resulted in a victory for the latter.

Then came *the* contest, H. E. Covey, of Illinois, spoke on "Alexander Hamilton." Inexorable fate gave him last place. This honor is always reserved for the home orator. A. M. Nickelson, of Iowa, followed with an oration entitled, "The Common School as a Means to Reform." G. W. Rankin, of Wisconsin, spoke on "The Puritan and Puritanism." His delivery was excellent, winning him second place. "Orators and Oratory," by B. P. Taylor, of Missouri, was a well written production, better adapted to print than speech. The Missouri judge gave him first in delivery and he took third place. Then came "The Mission of Discontent," by Allan T. St. Clair, of Kansas. Faultless delivery, elegant diction, invincible logic and a philosophic treatment of the subject gave him first place. Never were honors better deserved. Never was a delegation more enthusiastic than when Mr. Borgstadt announced that "the first prize goes to A. T. St. Clair, of Kansas." The Orpheus made the stage in one grand leap, Euridice followed as did Eurydice of old, but Orpheus for once did not look back. For the first time in his life Pres. Taylor lost his presence of mind. Then they yelled "Boom-rah, boom-rah, Kansas now, Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, bow, wow, wow, Kansas

Normal got 'em now, Didi, dadi, boom-a-lack-a, bow, wow, wow,'' rent the air. Receiving an encore they gave, ''We are from Kansas, we always play fair, we have taken first place with Allan St. Clair,'' and sang the Jayhawker song. Soon after, in the Kansas headquarters, the girls sang, ''Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, bow, wow wow, How did you get us, how, how, how, Don't you stand there so and stare, First place, first place for Allan St. Clair.'' And there were others.

A dinner replete with music, eloquence, wit and wisdom was served the visiting delegates and friends in the gymnasium at the close of the contest.

Saturday morning the Kansas delegation left for home feeling that they had been royally welcomed and that nothing had been left undone to add to their pleasure and comfort while in Normal. Some knew that Kansas sunflowers are good bait for Illinois suckers. The journey home was filled with incident. The reception given Mr. St. Clair, in Albert Taylor Hall, on Monday evening, is an event long to be remembered. Saturday evening, May 14, the Thirteen Club gave a banquet at Hewett's in honor of their most distinguished member—Allan T. St. Clair.

The following were present from Emporia: Pres. Taylor, Professors Boyle, Iden, Whitney, Hoaglin and Harris; Misses Taylor, Gunn, Haley, Kelson, O'Neill, Woodrow, Dell Clarke, Nina Clark, Stanley, Plackett, Philo, Crary, Culver, Stuckey, Lorene Stuckey and Lewis; Messrs Kline, Martin, Grover, Mahin, Gerardy, Gifford, Lenker, Oveson, Powell, Decker, O'Neill, Shepardson, LaBar, Lucas, Barnes, McKinley, Potter, Rhodes, McCoy, Matkins and the winner of the Third Annual Contest of the Inter-state League of State Normal Schools—Allan T. St. Clair.

ALPHA SENATE.

THE Alpha Society was organized in 1881. Its object is the mutual improvement of its members, especially in debate and parliamentary law.

During the year 1887 the Alpha was organized as a Senate and has continued as the ''Alpha Senate'' ever since. Among its charter members are found Fremont Miller, who has since completed a law course in Columbia College; W. M. Davidson, now superintendent of the Topeka schools; Allen A. Stephens, late County Superintendent of Lyon County.

The past year the Senate has been a veritable forum of parliamentary skill and eloquence. The best men of the school have taken active part. Never in Parliament or Congress were questions discussed with more fervor, enthusiasm, or interest than in this society. It could not be said of this body ''That it is a mausoleum where statesmen lie buried'' nor ''A place where owl-like seniority blinks down on impetuous youth.'' Some of the best orators, debaters and parliamentarians that have ever gone out from the State Normal, have received their training in the Alpha Senate. The President of the United States is elected by the student body at chapel. The Vice-President of the United States, who is President of the Senate, is elected by that body. The first election resulted in the choice of Allan Newman for President and Emmet D. George for Vice-President. James F. Gray, Chas. McKinley and Geo. Atkeson have also served as Vice-President. In the second election Prof. J. H. Hill was chosen President of the United States.

THE AMASAGACIAN SOCIETY.

NOT a small factor in the society work of the State Normal School is the Amasagacian Society. A paragraph from the "History of the State Normal" will set forth its date of organization, its aim, and other interesting facts.

"The society was organized October, 1883. Its membership was limited to pupils in the Model School and to the A class in the Normal department. Its principal object has been to encourage the younger people to literary effort, and it has been a great advantage to them. In this society the boys and girls get their first lessons in presiding over public assemblies, and become somewhat familiar with parliamentary rules." They meet each Friday afternoon in the Lyceum Hall. For the ambitious young man or woman there is no better place for self-improvement, and not a few students take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered.

The power gained here can hardly be estimated. Much of the vigor of the four evening societies is due to the preparatory work done in the Amasagacian Society. The names of many who have become prominent in the work of the Kansas State Normal School appear on the list of those who have served as presidents of this literary society.

The society now has every advantage enjoyed by the evening societies. It has its reporters for the various papers published in the school, it has its literary editors, and, in fact, it has everything necessary for successful work.

The prosperous condition of the society at this time is largely due to the interest which the recent officers have taken in the work, and the hearty co-operation of the members. Every year this is almost a new society, for as students advance in their work in the Normal department they join one of the evening societies; thus leaving in the society each year a place for the newer members of the institution.

In this work the Amasagacian Society accomplishes the purpose for which it is organized. As students leave the institution they will always have pleasant memories of the hours spent in this society, and will recall it as a stepping stone to something higher.

AMASAGACIAN SOCIETY.

1. Torrance. 2. Eaton. 3. Lines. 4. Haskins. 5. Shook. 6. Harness. 7. Stewart.
8. Kelly. 9. Shuey. 10. Wood. 11. Stauffer. 12. Wilkinson. 13. Calkins. 14. Tanner.
15. Fletcher. 16. Hayden. 17. Fain. 18. Davis. 19. Smith. 20. Nichols.
21. Cook. 22. Kibbe. 23. Fisher. 24. Keysor. 25. Schnares.

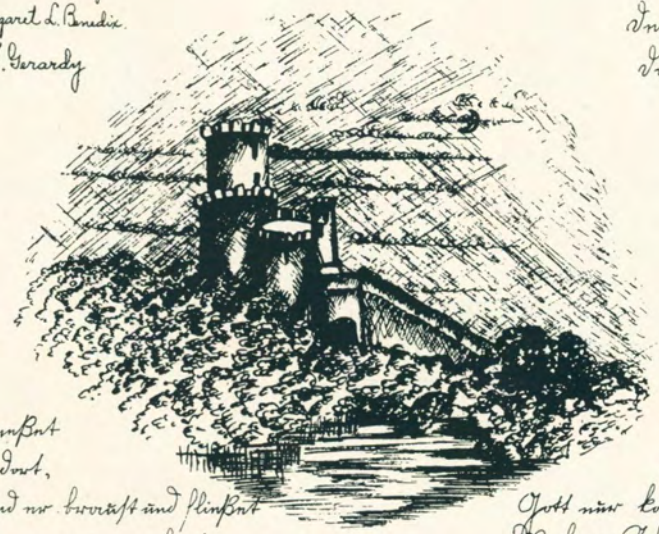
Kladderadatsch.

„Frisch, fromm, fröhlich, frei"

Organisiert am April 15ten, 1898.

Die Präsidentin, Frl. Lottie E. Crary
Die Vicepräsidentin, Frl. Margaret L. Benedix.
Der Direktor, Herr H. H. Gerardy

Die Secretärin, Frl. Lulu H. Janner.
Der Schatzmeister, Herr D. R. Read.
Die Sergeantin, Frl. Alma Ise.



Abend wird es wieder
Über Wald und Feld;
Säuselt Frieden nieder,
Und es ruht die Welt.

Nur der Bach ergießet
Sich vom Felsen dort,
Und er braust und fließet
Immer, immer fort.

Und kein Abend bringet
Frieden ihm und Ruh';
Keine Glocke klinget
Ihm ein Rastlied zu.

So in deinem Streben
Bist, mein Herz, auch du;
Gott nur kann dir geben
Wahre Abendruh!

THE GERMAN CLUB.

1. Miss Utz. 2. Read. 3. Miss Walter. 4. Kilworth.
5. Cunningham. 6. Phinney. 7. Long. 8. Turkleson. 9. Detamore. 10. Miss Ise.
11. Mrs. Johnson. 12. Harrison. 13. Mrs. Harrison. 14. Prof. Elias. 15. Miss Menser. 16. Shelton.
17. Miss Benedix. 18. Grady. 20. Miss Tanner. 21. Miss Crary. 22. Gerardy. 23. Miss Lytle.
19. Miss Sisler.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

L. E. GIFFORD,	President.
W. A. LA BAR,	Vice-President.
RENA LONG,	Secretary.
T. A. EDGERTON,	Treasurer.

SECOND TERM.

L. F. GIFFORD,	President.
E. G. GANOUNG,	Vice-President.
NETTIE BARBER,	Secretary.
C. W. JONES,	Treasurer.
C. W. KLINE,	Chorister.

COMMITTEES.

LOOKOUT COMMITTEE.

M'LOUISE JONES, Chairman.

E. G GANOUNG, AGNES PHILO,
C. E. GROVER, ANNA PATERSON,
D. R. REED, MARY K. MILLER,
A. B. POWELL, MARY BALCOMB,
C. M. McCONKEY, MARGARET McGILVRAY.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

BELLE MILLIGAN, Chairman,

FLORENCE STEVENS, C. W KLINE,
RUTH BENSON, C. W. JONES.

DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE.

J. H. HILL, Chairman.

J. G. MASTERS, LOTTIE CRARY,
M. J. PURDUE, LILLIE FISHER,
E. B GIFT, EMILY GROSSER,
A. M. THOROMAN, LENA MONNEY.

REGULAR MEETING: Belles-Lettres Hall, each Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

SPECIAL MEETINGS: In Albert Taylor Hall.

The Philosophy of Prayer, - - Dr. E. E. White.
Why I Am Not an Infidel, - Dr. Robert E. Nourse.

Christmas Services: - "What Think Ye of Christ?"
Memorial Services: Frances E. Willard.

Farewell Meeting, June 12.

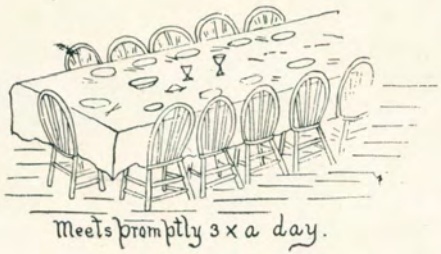
NIT!

Wheel Club.

The too-
Club

The Jones

M


Meets promptly 3 x a day.

XIII
Meets when
nothing prevents.

WANTING.

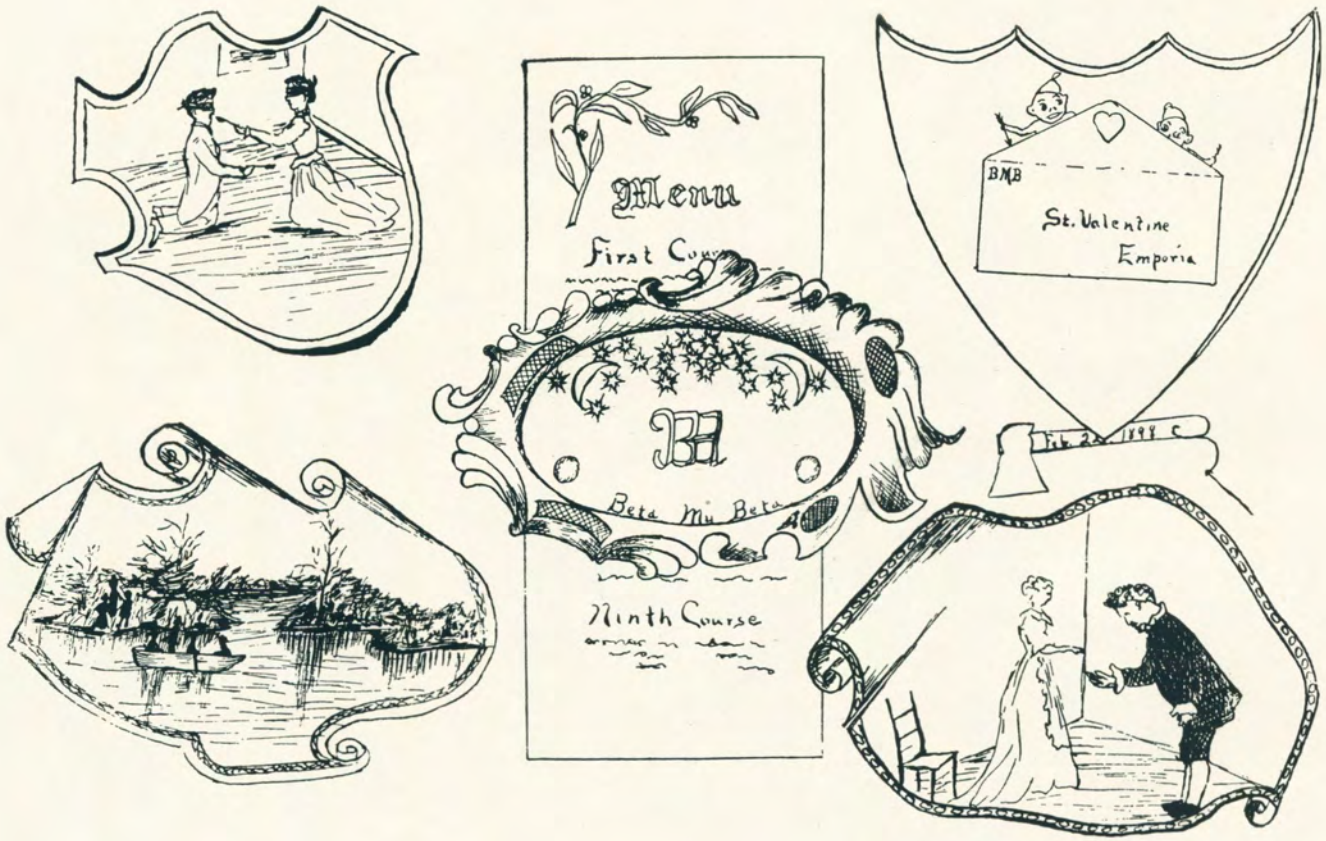
ONE CENT
ONE CENT
ONE CENT
ONE CENT

HALT!
The Afternoon Club.

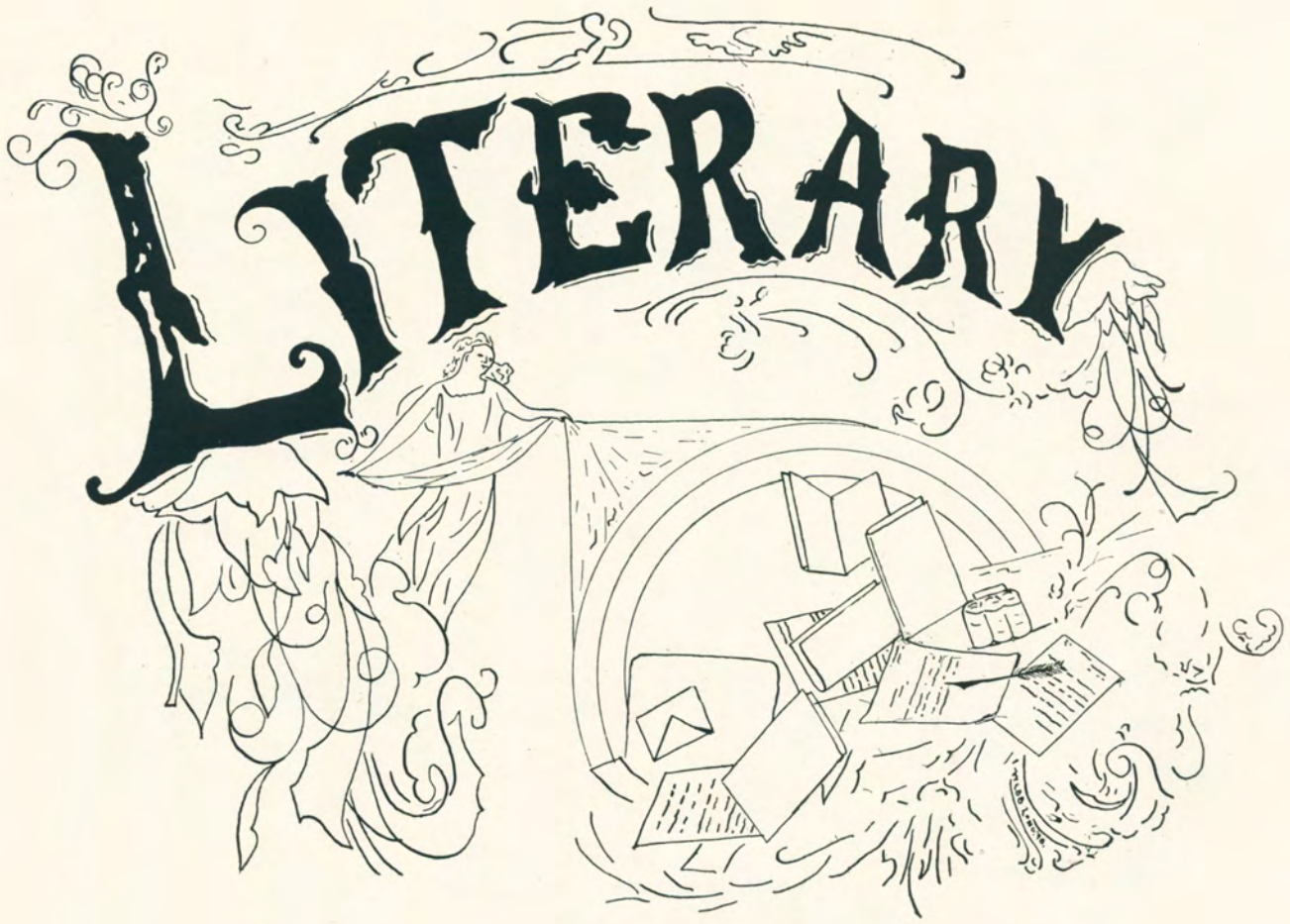
THE OWL CLUB.

THE THIRTEEN CLUB.

1. C. W. Kline.
2. T. P. Detamore.
3. Pearl Stuckey.
4. A. T. St. Clair.
5. Carrie L. Kelson.
6. A. S. Newman.
7. Maud Hamilton.
8. J. E. Boyer.
9. W. A. La Bar.
10. Jessie M. Taylor.
11. F. M. Mahin.
12. Nora O'Neill.
13. Elva E. Clarke.


Menu
First Cour
Beta Mu Beta
Ninth Course
BMB
St. Valentine
Emporia
Feb. 2 1898

FOLIO FOUR...


LITERARY

Kansas Quatrains.

The Prairie Fire.

A MIST of amber in the noontide glare,
A sanguine sea the sunset flows,
A scent of burning grasses in the air,
A red wind o'er the prairie blows.

A Prairie Dawn.

A CALM of color and a hush of song,
A silver star ascendant in the grey;
Now tints and tones tumultuously throng,
God's prelude in the symphony of day.

A Prairie Carnival.

THISTLE-DOWN fairies and tumble-weed clown,
Cicadas trumpeting shrilly to all,
Daddy-long-legs on stilts, lizard devils in brown,
Out on the prairies in high carnival.

The Boulders.

THE lost wind, sobbing, o'er the prairie runs,
It stumbles in the grasses,
And see, the quarry-ogre's wicked sons,
Snap at it as it passes.

The Sumach.

LIKE flaming embers its branches seem,
Its leaves as sparklets blaze—
Is 't the smoke of this shrub agleam
That wraps the hills in haze?

...That Normal Grajuate...

PLUM Crick skule hed bin a runnin' like a hay-rack out o' gear,
Seemed as if the teacher tried to git the children on their ear ;
'Twuzn't one thing 'twuz another, kept the pot a boilin' hot,
Till the board they 'lowed they orter go an' find out what wuz what.

So they called a "special meetin' " fer to see if they could find
E-zac'ly whar the blame wuz, so as not to go it blind ;
An' the scholars, an' the teacher, an' the paterns all turned out,
Tell you, but they hed a monkey an' a parrot time about !

Ol' man Crawford made a motion thet they let the teacher go,
Fer he sed, in his opinion, that the feller didn't know
'Nough to chew gum, with directions written out upon the box—
An' his motion it wuz seconded by Ebenezar Cox.

Uncle Billy Barker sed he wanted law an' jestice done,
(Some one whispered so's you'd hear it, " Means he wants another son !"
Fer you see his daughter Rosy an' the teacher wuz in love,
Sittin' up to one another like a pair o' turtle dove !)

But the motion it wuz carried an' the teacher hed to quit,
Fer the scholars sed he hedn't learned 'em nary single bit—
Guess his mind wa'n't on the lessons, which is easy to explain,
Fer you jest can't teach a youngun' an' hev courtin' on the brain !

Well, they 'greed to hev vacation until after holidays,
An' to try to find a teacher with more sociabler-er ways ;
An' instructed the directors for to find one who's alive,
Even if it cost the deestrict say as much as thirty-five ! .

So the board they writ the Normal, an' likewise went on to write
Thet they did't want no woman, even if she's extra bright,
Nor no man as might be spooney,—an' an answer come back straight,
Recommendin' a young feller who wuz 'bout to grajuate.

Well, they sent him in their offer an' he writ 'em thet he'd come,
An' he did, but when they seen him couldn't help from wonderin' some,—
Wa'n't much bigger'n a minute, hed a mushtash jest turned out,
An' a sort o' major-gen'ral way of ord'rin' folks about.

Monday mornin' bright an' early, he wuz on hand with the clerk,
Took hold like a hungry yearlin', got 'em all right down to work ;
An' the clerk tol' ol' Miss Peters he wuz certain thet he'd do—
Fer he'd never saw a fellow quite so peart to buckle to.

Arter while there wuz some rumors 'bout the things he sed an' done,
Even went so fur as tell 'em thet the earth went roun' the sun ;
Tol' 'em that there wuzn't "colors," that a melon wuzn't red
Until it hed ben cut open ; an' another thing he sed,

Wuz thet "smell" is only a'fection of the oil-factory nerve,
An' a wagon wheel goes furtherest on the outside of a curve,
An' thet if a gun wuz fired off where there wuzn't no one near,
That there'd jest be "silence," 'cause it didn't strike against some "ear."

Hed some new fandangled "method" fer his class in 'rithmetic,
Mebbe give 'em this here problem, an' jest make 'em answer quick :
"What's-the-cost-of-seven-dozen-blue-tin-cans-ten-cents-apiece?"
Wouldn't let 'em "finger" on it, make 'em think like red-hot grease.

An' the same way allus tryin' fer to teach 'em "natcherl-slants,"
An' require 'em guess the angle of their writin' at a glance ;
Make 'em sit as straight as saplin's, tell 'em "face," an' "right-about,"
More than scold 'em if they's writin' with their tongues a stickin out.

'Nuther "method" wuz in readin'; uster hev 'em turn an' twist,
Kept 'em at the "feather-movement" till they'd rheumatize their wrist,
An' instead of them a readin', as of course they really ought,
Hev 'em put in their time in huntin' fer to find the author's "thought!"

Even told 'em cricks don't "empty," but "discharge" or "flow into,"
Told 'em 'stead of sayin' "standpoint" they should say their "point-of-view,"
Sed "poor eyesight" caused "poor spellin'," but a whole lot worse than that,
Hed 'em study "physiology" by cuttin' up a cat!

Well, at last the board concluded thet they'd jest inquire an' see,
An' they writ down to the Normal to see if sech things be;
Got an answer from the Pres'dent in which he went on to state
Thet them things thet they hed tol' him was considered "up-to-date."

Never hed a thing surprise us as his letter did. Why, we
Read an' re-read thet there letter fer to see how it could be;
An' we talked the whole thing over, and we 'lowed if it wuz so—
An' it mus' be from thet letter—it wuz what we orter know.

So we jest called on the teacher, an' we tol' him go ahead
An' we'd make a affidavit jest to anything he sed;
An' our skule is jest a swimmin', though I really must state,
Some few still hev their misgivin's 'bout that Normal grajuate.

D. A. E.

AN APPERCEPTION.

A STRANGE town; a dismal, rainy day; a large brick building; cloak-rooms filled with dripping umbrellas and muddy overshoes; hundreds of strange faces; a tedious wait in a long line of strange people; a little talk with a busy man. This is one day at the State Normal. While yet these experiences were new, this day seemed closely related to others that followed. But now, with years between, how like an obelisk it stands—sharply outlined, majestic and cold.

You have a friend or you do not live. Can you recall the look of that friend's face when first you saw it? Can you identify it as the face of the friend whose love is your daily blessing? The first impression may bear the stamp of congeniality, yet it is strangely unlike the cherished image which brightens not only the sacred chambers, but the work-a-day rooms of your heart.

Dear old Normal! The obelisk, white and graceful though it stands, cannot symbolize the memory of the influence of a school whose teachers bring to their work beautiful, earnest lives. In such a school, logarithms teach a moral lesson, conjugation has a sympathetic tone, and the very bricks of the wall are animated with friendly interest in each student's welfare. The atmosphere of such a place lifts the soul to a broader view of life's possibilities.

Dear Alma Mater! Stones cannot symbolize, words cannot express the beauty of her image in my heart. The beauty is a part of sunshine and leafy shadow, of autumn color, of soft-falling snowflakes. It is springtime joy and promise. It vibrates in the song of birds and in the happy laugh of a child. I cannot express it. I can only feel it, and pray to be worthy of it all—to live a useful life.

R.

TWO MEN.

Christopher Columbus.

Toward the West he cast his longing view,
As with his chart and astralobe in hand,
He mused upon that undiscovered land,
Then spake: "Here is one world, let there be two!"

Cyrus Field.

Toward the East, beneath the kindly sun,
Gazed one in after years whom science taught;
He mused upon a thing his brain had wrought,
Then spake: "Here are two worlds, let there be one!"

H. H. L.

The Sea and My Soul.

OH, the shimmering, shining sea!
Where the salt winds whistle free,
The boundaries lie beyond yon sky
Of the changing, changeless sea.

'Twas violet edged with spray,
And now 'tis a fog-fed grey,
But darkling blue, or of myriad hue,
Its waters move alway.

The great waves rise and fall
To a strange and silent call,
Aloft they swell, 'neath the mystic spell,
To break in hopeless thrall.

The sea is as my soul,
Where billows heave and roll,
They dash against the bars of sense,
And die in fierce control.

The sun lights up the sky,
Or the wild birds homeward fly,
Clouds come and go, at ebb, at flow,
And the waters moan and sigh.

But sometime this soul shall rest,
By the strange voice now oppressed.
He that gave the call will be all in all,
And I'll be upon his breast.

—S.

My Church.

MY church is
Where blue-bells ring, and vested choirs
Of birds begin to thrill the silver wires
Of harps, and fill the pipes with praise
By river's brim, with cypress plumes ablaze.

My church is
Where blossoms come, and petals seem
Like holy things that I would know and dream,
And tangled paths untwist with ease
In sight of domes beneath the lisping trees.

My church is
Where crickets run the keenest files
On metal chalice hid in grassy aisles,
And bees take up a song I know
Where lillies give their thoughts of scented snow.

My church is
Where parsons never knew a creed,
And preaching seems to suit the very need
Of life, and texts are found in hills,
And trees, and morning domes with purple sills.

—D. S. L.

Vesper Song.

THE vesper bells in the town afar
Send me a faint, sweet call to prayer.
Above the night shines the evening star;
A holy peace is in the air.

The river mists, like a song's lost soul,
Rise, float, and die in saffron sky.
The day is done! Hear the vesper toll!
Is done! Is done! the echoes cry.

Great One, in infinite depths of space—
Of self—where e'er Thou art—hear me,
A child of earth. Help Thou me to trace
Thy purpose to eternity.

Thy will for me, I would understand.
"Thy will be done," teach me to say.
So weak, so poor, I would hold Thy hand,
O, Father, lead me in Thy way.

—M.

A Prayer.

FATHER, take my hand, I pray;
Lead me safely through this day.
Though the gathering clouds appall,
Guide Thou me, whate'er befall.

Father, take my hand, I pray,
Darkened though may be the way.
Keep me ever by Thy side,
Loved of Thee, whate'er betide.

Father, take my hand, I pray,
When the sunshine lights the way;
For the joys so dear to me,
Dearer are when shared by Thee.

Father, take my hand, I pray;
Guide with tender strength for aye,
That my life may truly be
Lived for others, lived for Thee.

Father, take my hand, I pray,
Lest from Duty's path I stray;
Shield me ever with Thy care,
Till the storm-clad day grows fair.

Father, take my hand, I pray,
Long as life on earth shall stay,
That my life may learn of Thine
Heavenly lessons, peace divine.

Father, take my hand, I pray;
Teach me how and what to say,
That, when others seek to know,
I my Father's love may show.

Father, take my hand, I pray,
When with dawn of Heaven's day,
Angel voices softly sing
"Peace, sweet peace! Our Lord is King!"

Father, take my hand, I pray,
Long as lasts the Eternal Day;
Guiding Thou my frail life still,
Teach Thou me to do Thy will.

—S.

Long Ago.

ACROSS a silent twilight sea,
Across the tides of destiny,
Beyond the star-lit mist of night,
Beyond all depths, beyond all height,
Beyond the years and drifting snow,
The wish-land blooms of Long Ago.

The quail is calling just as sweet,
The breeze is playing through the wheat,
The streamlets kiss the greenest brinks,
And youth still dreams with bobolinks;
And all that life would know and hold,
Is just beyond in morning gold.

The music there, and threads of tunes
With mingled songs of many Junes,
And thoughts half dreampt, and loves half told,
And vows as pure as love is bold,
And sweet farewells, and twilights long,
With harps of love, and tangled song;

And rhythms quaint, and fount of youth,
With plains as full as God's own truth,
And longest thoughts with wings of gales,
And widest seas unfret by sails,
And whispers soft as white-wing snow
Flow wide from realms of Long Ago.

And all the castles reared at morn,
Ere autumn spoke of ripened corn,
Are just as full of sun-set choirs,
Are just as bright with dream-land fires,
Are just as sweet with youthful glow,
As were thy thoughts of Long Ago.

Could I but step across the brink,
Could I but hear one bobolink,
And only know the love half told,
And only drink at fountains old,
The cups of fame I'd toss the sea,
To live in lands of Used-To-Be.

—D. S. L.

A STORY OF THE SHORT GRASS REGION.

A SUMMER morning of the early '90's dawned yellow with heat. From the stuffy red station of a central Kansas town the railroad stretched languidly toward the west, as if tired of trying to bind the great waste of buffalo grass and blue-stem patches to eastern civilization. With a few hisses of disgust the train starts out. In the one coach the passengers grumble and mutter at the heat. Here is a salesman traveling for a Kansas City liquor house; men are dry when crops fail; the copper sky seems softer when seen through the bottom of a beer glass. There a sombreroed cowboy swings his legs unconventionally over the arm of the seat. A loan agent going to look after the "wrinkled and dried-on mortgages" of the boom period, pulls out his newspaper. A farmer or two, a merchant, some women made old by the wrinkles of discontent, settle down with an air of "being shipped." In one corner happiness reigns, care-creased age smiles down on rosy youth, the grandmother and her little granddaughter are going to their western home.

The day dawdles along. The heat expands the seconds to minutes, the minutes to hours. The telegraph poles loiter wearily by. The rivers dwindle to creeks, the trees to bushes. The white stone fence posts enclosing the fields seem but monuments to dead hopes. As the day grows old, the child prattles her way into all hearts with her talk of home and little brother. The grandmother, shutting in her tears, is heard to exclaim, "God bless that doctor."

This is the story. Two winters before a comfortable house, good barns, bulging bins, stood in the midst of a great square of black reclaimed from the sea of short grass surrounding it. One March day the wind, wild with fury at the settler for placing rough stubble fields to interrupt its frolic over the smooth prairie, brought a smell of burning grass. A cloud of smoke, a greedy flame, and the black fields made a crapy border for a ruined home. But the settler learned to smile again, for were not the wife, the golden-haired girl, the baby boy, safe? Another house sprang up; the fields were green, the farmer sang; but again the wind wreaked vengeance on the trespasser of its domain. The thirsty corn held up beseeching blades, the bleached tassel rustled white and hopeless. Still he was not discouraged; the ears of hope in next year's field break down the stalks—next year is the year *to be* in Kansas.

But a time came when the little girl moved with uncertain steps, tiny hands were held out to feel the way, the eyes lost their blue. "No hopes," the doctor said, unless she could be treated by the specialist at Salina. Then the faces paled, the hearts grew heavy, for the pocket-book was empty and the flour was low in the bin.

But there is a God west of Newton. One day a letter came from the great doctor; the local physician had written him. "If you can send her here the treatment shall cost nothing," it said. So the last cow was sold, the pork fattening for the home barrel made yellow-covered city hams—but who cares for particulars? She sees, and the grandmother smiles through her tears, "God bless that doctor."

The brakeman calls out the station. A glance from the window shows a man impatient to bridle and check the train in its course. The motley crowd of sympathizing friends filling the platform are not dressed in English broadcloth and French silk—no, many of the garments came in boxes or barrels marked "Aid"—but the smiles are peculiarly Kansan. These people have seen hard times. Their forty years in the wilderness is fast making "the Promised Land."

The train stops, the hungry father-arms hold tight the precious burden, the golden head is against the brown. No dry times now; the cowboy mops his face, the drummer's hat covers his eyes, even the heart of the old engine throbs, she moves tremulously, she puffs out in short sobs, "God bless—God bless that doctor." W.

PA'S SOFT SPOT.

"ALL folks hev some sof' spot,"
Ma uster say,
"Sumthin' or 'nother
Comes out some day;
Comes out 'fore they know it,
Jest like ez not!"
Nen us kids 'd say, "Ma,
W'at's your sof' spot?"

An' we'd keep a pleggin',
Till Ma'd say,
"I wish 'at you youngins
'D run away!
Ask your Pa 'bout his,
An' like ez not
He'll tell you willin'ly
W'at's his sof' spot."

Nen we'd 'gree to ask him,
That very day;
W'en his train 'd whistle,
W'y right away
We'd jest skedaddle,
Clean 'cross the lot,
To be first to say, "Pa,
W'at's your sof' spot?"

Pa, he'd say, "My sof' spot?
Hevn't got none!"
Wouldn't tell us neither,
But jest make fun.
Nen he'd tell his brakeman,—
An' say, "Great lot!
Think I'm goin' to tell 'em
W'at's my sof' spot?"

Nen we'd all go home,
An' after awhile
Pa'd tell Ma about it,
An' Ma, she'd smile;
We'd 'gin agin guessin',
Till Pa'd say, "Trot!
Time you kids wuz dreamin'
In some sof' spot!"

An' Pa he'd never tell us,
W'en he wuz in,—
But ev'ry trip he come home,
We'd 'gin agin;
Onct George sez w'en prayin',
(He pray'd a lot)
"Please, God, wisht *you'd* tell us
W'at's Pa's sof' spot!"

One day the opurat'r
Sent word by Bert
There hed been a wash-out
An' Pa wuz hurt;
Engineer wuz hurt too,
An' both might die;
They took us all to see 'im,
To say good-by!

An' we wuz jest so still,
W'en we went in,
They wuz holdin' Pa up,
A fannin' him;
An' Pa said, "I may die,—
Jest like ez not—
Tell the children—I said—
They're my sof' spot!"

But our Pa didn't die,
He jest got well;
We wuz all so happy,
Couldn't 'gin to tell!
'Cause we all loved our Pa
A great big lot!
Guess God saw that *we* wuz
Pa's "sof' spot!" —D. A. E.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

A MASTER musician once said, "The divinest of all music is the music of a noble life." I have seen many people who lamented that God had not given them a talent for music, for therefore the world of sweet tones must forever, to them, be as a sealed legend. Dear friends, if I can but tell you in a few simple words how possible it is for all to belong to the great "fraternity of musicians," then the object of this sketch is accomplished.

The sweetest, grandest music in this old world of ours is yet to be written. All nature vibrates in tones so subtle and intense that none but a spirit ear may hear. There is no discord in God's harmonies, for the majors and minors so delightfully blend that the resulting effect to the eye is of sunshine and shadow. The sunshine of our lives is the major music—the joys, delights, triumphs and victories, the shower from a summer sky with a rainbow in each tear. The shadow in the life song is the minor music—the sorrows and defeats, broken faiths and even failures. But the sum total is the complete life in all the royal living, and the music is the sad, sweet, joyful, triumphant pean of a victorious life well spent, well sung. The metal well refined has the truest ring; the diamond well cut has the purest sparkle; and the human heart well seared will radiate marvelous harmonies as the master hand sweeps over its strings. But let it be joy or sunshine, sorrow or shadow, the glory of the life song never dims, but like some grand processional still swings on with censers of faith waving high over sordid dogmas and creeds.

We will teach our hearts to-day to sing songs of praise and hope, and our lips the bright songs of cheer, so that our neighbors as we journey up the steep will be hopeful and full of trust in the future for our having sung so well. It is simpler to smile than to frown; it is sweeter to sing than to weep. We will go through life with a bright song on our lips and a melody in our hearts, and the resulting harmony will be the glorious music of a noble life.

K.

The Messengers.

O NORTH WIND
That rattles the door and chatters the glass,
Tell me that something before you can pass—
Tell me the wonder that gods and you know,
Aflame in the land of Silence and Snow.

When passing the auk, and stroking the bear,
What is the message they sent by you there?
What is the token they told you to bring
From land of the Ice and Boreal King?

O East Wind
With veils of the sea and tankards of rain,
Mutter the thinking that troubles your brain—
Tell me the glories that nations have told
To ears of the Nile, and idols of gold.

When passing the Sphinx at worship with Night,
What was the symbol that fell on your sight?
What is the spirit that hovers in Tyre—
Is living but death and chalice of fire?

Sweet West Wind
With tangle of song, and mingle of hope,
Ringing the bells with a silvery rope,
Tell me of islands the poets would sing,
Where Summer's sweet lips are touching the Spring.

When locking the caves that pulses would break,
What was in keeping that you could not take?
Why are you laughing and touching my eyes
To slumber on hills that point in the skies?

O South Wind
With myrtle and rose and feathery fern,
Bring me the scent from the costliest urn—
Tell me the something that gladdens your lip
So near unto mine the fingers can tip.

When calling the isles with tangles of vine,
Dip me a cup from the fountains of wine—
Bring me a goblet and bring with a cheer,
But tell me, wild tongues, O why am I here?

—D. S. L.

My Ship.

ON a glad, bright day in life's month of May,
Hope whispered along the lea,
And I launched my ship for a treasure trip
Over a shining southern sea.
And I wait and I wait, but my ship and its freight
Have never come back to me.

Oh, warm was the wave, and my ship did lave
Its sides in the silvery spray.
And the wind blew fair and sweet perfumes rare
Were waft on the shores of May.
I plucked sweet flowers through the balmy hours
And basked in the sun's warm ray.

I dreamed on the lea and I dreamed that the sea
Was bringing me home my prize.
And my life was gay and the month was May
And I watched with eager eyes.
But the vision fled. Now my hope lies dead,
As much that is holy lies.

My ship was lost. My treasure tossed
Awhile on the stormy main,
But a pirate sail soon drew in hail
My precious freight to gain.
Hope's sun sank low—ah, well I know
It never can rise again.

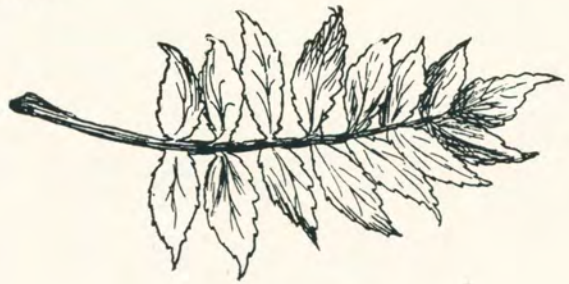
That sea is life. 'Tis full of strife,
By sin and grief engrossed.
That ship—my love—a white-winged dove—
I cannot count the cost.
My priceless freight—my heart's young mate—
The love I won and lost. —H.

A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

DARK clouds are in the sky. A mighty nation shudders. 'Tis true! War is at hand. There is a call for volunteers. Who will go? To the humble home of a Kansas pioneer comes the call. Ah, father, are you to leave your young wife and babe? With neighbors distant, with Indians near, marauding bands possible, can you go? Two-year-old Rosalie begs papa to stay. The wife and mother, though the heart is breaking, bids Duty be the guide. He goes.

Three years pass. Peace has again unfurled her banners. The armies are disbanded. What joy in the home-coming! There, the little cabin is in sight! Hasten! Mother sees and rushes out; but why that look—and where is Rosalie, "the prairie flower?" Words are few when there is anguish of soul. But yesterday the little eyes were closed, the tiny hands were folded, and now a little mound on the hillside is sacred to memory.

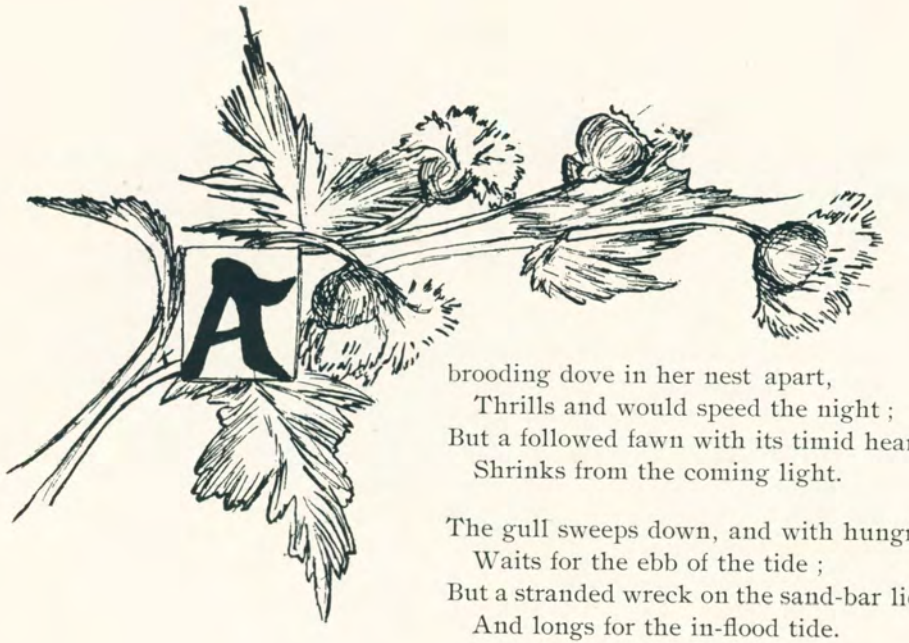
Sing, ye lands, in honor of the soldier brave; but to her who, in those dark hours, alone with her God, bore the trials that sap the life, ascribe the crown!



A REVERIE.

I AM sitting alone to-night. For companions, I have those precious friends—books; a shaded but well-trimmed lamp; and a quiet fire with its peaceful, slumbering coals. All is quiet. My thoughts seem to wander from my work, and I am transported to a peculiar but happy visual realm. I see a woman; her form is bent, her shoulders stooped. Yet, as I look upon that bent form, it is the most beautiful in all the world to me. Her face is poor; wrinkles lie in many folds across her forehead; the cheek bones seem too high. Yet as I look upon that face it is angelic in its beauty; purer than the lily. Her hands are poor and bony; their skin is dry and shriveled; the palms are rough. Yet more beautiful are those hands than any chiseled by the sculptor's art. She walks; her steps are halting and uneven; her movements, stiff and ungraceful. Yet fancy does not bring to the artist's dreams movements more graceful and pleasing than her's as I see her now. . . . . Again I am with my books. I thank thee, mystic power, which draws me forth to such a wondrous vision.

—L.



brooding dove in her nest apart,
Thrills and would speed the night ;
But a followed fawn with its timid heart
Shrinks from the coming light.

The gull sweeps down, and with hungry eyes,
Waits for the ebb of the tide ;
But a stranded wreck on the sand-bar lies
And longs for the in-flood tide.

The Corn in its fluttering pennants dressed
Sighs for the wind's increase ;
But the frail Down clings to the Thistle's breast
And prays that the wind may cease.

—H. H. L.

After the Storm.

After the storm in the winter wood,
The morning painted in palest gold
All the white silence where grimly stood
The bare, black boles of the forest old.
Shyly the rabbit from hollow log,
Peeped and sped off with a dainty tread.
Snow birds were chirping o'er frozen bog,
But one wild bird on the drift lay dead.—M.

The Pickets.

The winter lays the russet cloak aside,
And pins anemones against the breast
Of infant spring. A fringe of grass is press'd
About the verge of pool that tries to hide
Beneath a pine, whose song has told it wide.
The robin sees a crocus in the west,
And pipes so loud the jay declares the nest
Bound train is due. Then living floods
her tides. —D. S. L.

OUR EARLY SETTLERS.

THE long and short of it is, there has been a great injustice done. One tribe of our early inhabitants has been wholly neglected. It has been left completely out of all histories of pioneers. The Mound Builders and the Indian tribes are discussed in full, but where will you find a history of the Brown Tribe? They were in one sense mound builders, but they claim no relationship to that people. The tribe was, as a whole, quiet and unassuming, not given to warfare. No weapons of any kind have been found in their ruins. They lived in towns for the purpose of protection.

These towns were generally found on a level stretch of prairie. The remains of some of them are still to be found. Should a restored picture of an ancient town be made, no streets would appear, no public buildings, and the peculiarity of the dwellings would be striking. They were merely "dug-outs" covered with earth. There were no chimneys, but in the center of the roof was an opening that served for both door and window. The Brown Tribe must have been skilled architects, for the way in which the mounds forming the roofs to their houses are packed shows some knowledge of engineering. Their maxim was not "Make hay while the sun shines," but "Pack your roof after it rains." They took peculiar care of their yards. No lawn mowers were needed, for they pulled up every blade of grass near the houses. Every family had its own "dug-out," and all took especial care to make their homes appear trim and well kept. These dwellers in the earth were a sociable class, but they seldom, if ever, entered each others' homes. They always received and entertained in their door-yards.

Then there were the Spies and the Sentinels who followed the Brown Tribe and lived in their deserted homes. The Spies were a treacherous class, dangerous in the extreme when roused to anger. The Sentinels, however, were trustworthy and always on guard. Their large round eyes, which could see better in darkness

than in light, gave them a wise appearance. But these Sentinels were able to do one thing which no other tribe has ever been able to do. They could stand facing the setting sun, and, without moving their bodies, could turn their heads completely round and look directly at the full moon just rising.

But the time came all too soon when the little families living in the "dug-outs" began to realize that there were strangers in the land, and they too began to inquire, "Where is the home of the Brown Tribe?" For the White Men came and planted the fields with corn. The little towns were destroyed and the inhabitants were indignant. They retaliated by cutting down the corn—whole acres of it. Again and again they did this, until finally the white settlers became desperate. They planned a campaign—hunted up spades and bought bisulphide of carbon. They had known the Brown Tribe too long and too well to think that gunpowder would have any effect upon them. Taking the bottles and shouldering the spades, they sallied forth and lay in ambush until they were sure that all their enemies were down-stairs in their homes. Then they poured the poison in each door-way, made it air-tight, and left the poor little families to smother to death in their own homes.

Many years after, one of the same White Men was plowing some new land. As he turned the furrow, he noticed tiny white bones appearing in the soil. As he stooped to examine them, he was attracted by a sharp, quick call. Looking up, he spied a little brown-coated fellow perched on the roof of one of the deserted dwellings of the Brown Tribe. The solitary wanderer gazed around at the ruins. All his family had perished. Their bones were whitening the sod the farmer was turning. Yhere was something appealing in the way the little fellow looked and the man was touched. Resolving to leave the last survivor to his own devices he turned to his plow. The motion startled the occupant of the roof-top, and with a saucy little bark, a sudden wiggle of his tail, a farewell sparkle of his eyes, Mr. Prairie Dog scampered down the stair-way to see what had become of his old-time acquaintances, the Owl and the Snake.

R.

'Cause We Wuz Pore.

'FORE we come to Kansas
We lived back East,
Pa'd bin to the Army
An' hedn't th' least
Thing at all t' show for it;
So like lots more,
We just come to Kansas
'Cause we wuz pore!

Ma didn't like aleavin'
Her folks for good,
But Pa hedn't no love fur
That nayborhood,—
Sed they'd showed what they wuz,
An' made him sore,
The way they'd treated us,
'Cause we wuz pore!

So we come to Kansas,
Filed on a claim,
Time our sod corn tassel'd
Grasshoppers came;
Didn't leave a nubbin',
Et stalks an' core,
An' we hed to take aid,
'Cause we wuz pore!

Course ev'rybody mor'gaged,
An' we did too;
An' there wuz lots of troubles;
Some one mebbe 'd sue;
An' Jimmy died of fever,
Sick a month or more—
Jest hed a plain coffin,
'Cause we wuz pore!

But somehow or other,
Allus pulled through;
The dry years, mebbe Pa'd
Fin' sumthin' t'do.,
Or if he got down sick,
Us boys 'd chore;
Never liked to ask tick,
'Cause we wuz pore!

Now them times is over—
Glad they are too—
Can't help wonderin' how we
Ever pulled thro';
Death, an' debt, an' drouth, an'
A whole lot more—
Guess God help'd us extry,
'Cause we wuz pore!

Th' claim belongs to others;
Pore Ma is asleep
Way out on the pra'ries—
No more to weep—
Kneelin' there beside her,
I love her more
Some way or the other,
'Cause we wuz pore!

An' someway after all,
Ma's trials done,
An' lookin' on th' pra'ries
Fair in the sun—
I can't keep from bein'
Glad it is o'er,
An' we come to Kansas
'Cause we wuz pore!

—D. A. E.

ARISE, oh Sun of Hope, arise!
Light up this cold, dark world.
Arise, oh Sun of Hope, arise!
And set men's brains awhirl.
The field is broad for sowing seed,
The ground needs turning now;
Give some the heart to scatter grain,
And others strength to hold the plow.

Come up, oh Sun of Hope, come up!
Start fast the stagnant blood.
Come up, oh Sun of hope, come up!
Bring forth the dormant bud.
Give life and strength to vessels weak,
A purpose strong, secure,
To hold aloft the living truth
On mountain, plain and moor.

Arise, oh Sun of Hope, arise!
Thy warming ray we need.
Arise, oh Sun of Hope, arise!
Destroy the man-made creed.
Give to us breadth and depth of thought,
A love for all mankind;
A quickened conscience to discern
The thing low, mean, unkind.

Come up, oh Sun of Hope, come up!
Send forth thy shafts again;
Revive the drooping heart of those
Who have known naught but pain.
Come to the rescue of the weak,
And bring some new resolve;
Give strength to body forth the act
That it would have them solve.

Arise, oh Sun of Hope, arise!
Shine in this heart of mine;
Drive out the common things of life,
Replace by those sublime;
Dispel the clouds, the fogs and mists,
Remove things mean and low;
Purge and purify my mind
As in your course you go.

Come up, oh Sun of Hope, come up!
Light up this brain of mine.
Come up, oh Sun of Hope, come up!
And give me thoughts divine.
Make straight the crooked paths I've made,
And right my actions wrong,
Give me the thoughts and words to speak,
That I may move the throng. W.

The Search For Joy.

I WENT to the plain, and up to the hill,
And sought of the vale, and sought of the rill,
And sought of the bee, and sought of the wren,
And pleaded with birds, and pleaded with men,
But each in its way point'd onward and on,
To hills all burnish'd with gold of the dawn.

I went to the streams, and on to the sea,
And sought for the isles untrammel'd and free,
And fain would I find where man had not been—
No sorrows of life, no hatred and sin—
But Death had been there and reap'd the ripe grain
And smote the sweet isles with blighting and pain.

I waited till morn the ebb of the tide,
Then sought of the sea the song of the Bride;
The caverns were glad with anthems of praise,
The billows were songs, the ripples were lays;
But choirs of the winds in temples of dawn,
But whispered and shouted, "Onward, and on!"

I follow'd the sun to brinks of the night,
And follow'd the stars to dawning of light,
And sought of the oak, and sought of the pine,
And sought of the reed, and sought of the vine,
And call'd to the spire, and call'd to the bell;
"Go onward and on," is all they would tell.

I sought of the night the duty undone,
The mission unsped by star or by sun;
Where wait'd the glory bestowing a crown,
Where trembled a Cross, and the Christ not down—
And shouted the winds still chasing the fawn,
"Go onward, O man, go onward and on!"

I wept in the dirge, and wept by the hearse,
And sought of the priest, and the poet's verse,
And stood by the tomb, and call'd to the dead,
"But ashes to ashes," the silence said;
And clods of the vale fell heavy at dawn,
And murmured, and sobbed, "Go onward and on."

D. S. L.

FACULTY MEETING.

BEHOLD on lofty, cloud-capped Olympus, the deities in grave council assembled! High on a throne of royal state sits one whom glory crowns. By his side a hardly lesser light whose pen is in his hand, and he pens vigorously, scarce exercising his royal perogative to speak in the council of state. Round about on golden benches sit the rulers of the realm, each clothed in almost regal splendor, each emulating the example of his neighbor in attention to matters of imperial concern. The royal board groans, heaped high with viands for the feast; grave wisdom sits on every brow; and ambrosial nectar drips from words of honeyed sweetness. But list! What sound is that we hear borne upon the rising blasts?

"May we not have some ventilation in here? I think the temperature must be at least eighty degrees."

Ah! then they too breathe air! The same elixir of life which reanimates our mortal frames runs also in their Olympian veins.

But now, again! A noble dame opens her rosy lips, and list! she speaks.

"Most noble sir, the draft strikes upon the top of my head; I fear I am catching cold."

Great Jove! and is it so? Do they also—those bright beings—catch cold like poor, weak mortals? Do they, too, suffer from all the ills that flesh is heir to? Then break my heart if it is so; 'tis too great anguish to be overborne.

Now he upon the throne whose glory doth outshine them all, speaks. Matters of grave importance are to be considered. Hark to what is said:

"Most noble lady, will you discuss the first topic of our study for the day?"

"Not prepared, my lord."

"And you, most gracious dame?"

"Not prepared, most reverned sir."

"And you, knight of undoubted courage, who hath never known defeat, and whose good sword hath often sunk deep through plaited mail and rugged brass?"

"I pray thee, have me excused, most worshipful master; my spirit recoils from such tremendous toil; my blood freezes in my veins at the very thought."

O ye gods! And they, too, must needs recite! Is there no rest? In all the land is there no relief from the dread persecution? Does this grim specter haunt even this palace hall? And they, too, have known defeat; they, too, have passed through the throes of mental anguish which only he knows who must suffer ignominious failure. Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt! My hold on life seems slipping from me. Not I alone must feel the keen arrows of defeat, but they—they too! And will they get out on their grade? Does the dread 90 per cent haunt them too?

"But hark, again!

"There are certain requests which must come before you; one of our subjects prays your leniency in his sore distress. He says:

"May it please your excellencies to grant me the privilege of taking geography as a fifth study. The studies I am taking at present are all reviews for me, and I have pursued these same subjects for which I pray thee, noble sirs and ladies, in Harvard and in Yale. I implore thee, grant my humble petition."

"It is respectfully signed James Smith. What will you do with this rash request?"

He upon the throne has spoken, and now observe the countenances of his faithful rulers of the realm. The air of brooding quiet is broken by gusty waves of surging wrath; now here, now there, one raises his head to speak, but the power of his indignation overmasters him and he remains silent. The storm rages in all its fury; the thunder leaps from peak to peak the rattling crags among; the only light in all this wild tumult is the lightning's vivid flash. At length one speaks. Behold his towering form! His hair is thin; his visage grim; he speaks in thunder tones:

"To this rash youth say for me: 'I spurn his request under my heel.' Never while a drop of immortal blood flows in my veins shall he pursue the noble subject of geography as a fifth study. If he does attain such an end, it must be over my dead body!"

He has spoken, and list those impious sounds of mocking laughter which come from all around, as though a thousand malignant elves had perched upon the lips of the indignant knights and ladies and poured forth their wrath in wild gibberish. Pale-yellow lights flash upon the scene as if from unseen fires. Slowly they fade; the great council room grows quiet; the knights and dames again assume their wonted air of high repose. But alas for the luckless wight whose proud ambition is thus crushed at one blow! Forever may he expect to share in the delights of the gymnasium at his vacant hour; nevermore may he dream of wearing that air of lordly supremacy which belongs only to him who takes five studies. He must retire to the shades of obscurity—

"All earthly passions and desires
Burned out by purgatorial fires."

But there is one more matter of state which must come before the council. A smiling damsel in the corner prefers a hesitating request:

"May I ask if John Jones is still in our gracious realm?"

"Which John Jones?" says one whose mighty voice is often heard in the deliberations of the mighty ones.

"It is, my lord, the John Jones who takes arithmetic," returns the blushing damsel.

"Yes, that John Jones also takes drawing," comes from a damsel divinely tall and most divinely fair.

"The John Jones whom I know comes from the fens of far Northumberland, and hath still the trace of his ancient race-speech upon his tongue. I say he is still our loyal subject. He was with us but to-day in English."

"And I say he is not, but hath gone down in the last fell riot of pig-skin worshippers, and at present is no more;" this from one who ought to know.

"That is not the John Jones that you and I, my lord, know as John Jones. I spurn the thought that one of our noble subjects should ever become a mere thumper of pig skin. This John Jones, whose fair fame is so foully slandered, is surely the one whose classic face has grown familiar to me as I have walked under the lofty trees discoursing of the world's history to assembled kindred souls."

"S death! It can not be."

"Begone! I tell you John Jones is no more!"

"He is! He is!"

"He was, but is not! Like Leonidas, he fell."

"He lives! I say he lives, but like Cincinnatus hath returned to his plow."

"He hath not! I know whereof I speak."

The tumult grows wilder, and feeling runs high; many a hand seeks the trusty sword waiting in its scabbard; fair lips grow white and hearts beat wildly. But now speaks one, the Nestor of debate; all eyes turn toward him, all hang upon his Ciceronian words.

"Grave and reverend sirs, and ladies fair and most noble, the god-like ichor which fills your bounding veins is most amiss. The John Jones whom you wrangle over and do demean yourselves thereby, is even now lying low with the clutch of the fell fiend Mumps upon his unfortunate jaws."

Looks of slow disgust and erstwhile contempt overspread the countenances of his hearers. Once more they compose themselves to quiet.

But now Day's tapers tall and trim have burned down to their sockets, and fades the glimmering landscape on the sight. No time for tarrying longer; the council hall grows dim; and, like another Alexander thirsting for other worlds to conquer, these unwearied spirits gather the drapery of their robes around them, and prepare to descend from the Olympian heights.

—C.

What Is Poetry?

Dedicated to the Class of '98.

WHAT is poetry?
I know not, unless it may be
The song that the flowers are singing to me;
The tale of their love in the soft summer breeze,
Told 'mid twitter of birds, and the whisper of trees;
How the bold lover, pollen, in robes bright and fair,
Goes wooing his sweetheart on the wings of the air;
How the flower receives him, how they nevermore part,
But are blended in one in the seeds of the heart.

What is poetry?
I know not, unless it may be
The song that is sung by the waves of the sea;
Or the song of the wind in the storm's wild flight;
Or the voice thunders roar midst the flashes of light;
Or the song that is sung by the twinkling of stars
As they dance to the notes set in night's double bars;
'Tis the song of the sun, the song of the moon,
Yes, the song of all nature forever in tune.

What is poetry?
I know not, unless it may be
The song that some saint is singing to me;
'Tis the pæan of angels, the hymn of all heaven
So tenderly given to mortals as leaven;
'Tis the children's song by the river of life,—
Love's echoing cadence, whence cometh no strife,
Caught up by some spirit, rolled up like a scroll,—
Re-sung to me softly, down deep in my soul.

—A.

OUR AUTOCRAT.

THERE are moments in life when a man is so full of opinions that unless he can deliver them he gets restless and wants a change of some kind—of just what kind he seldom knows. Indeed, it little matters if, in the hustle and jostle of change, the safety valve is loosed and opinions escape. For as soon as there is a copious discharge, the man is at ease and he settles down into the old worn ways with a serenity that can scarcely conceive of discontent. A simple and convenient philosophy of life, indeed, if the prime essential of human happiness is a means of escape to accumulated identity.

The first thing that a thoughtful man concludes after it dawns upon him that he has not been conquered by circumstances is to set about to capture himself—a man instinctively dreads being torn loose and free. He deliberately plans the campaign against himself—a siege—a blockade—a starve out—any kind of an out, so that he may be able to mount the barracks and say, "It is mine; I have surrounded and subdued."

Think of bottling up the spirit of unrest and keeping it corked! The thing needed is an escape—a safety valve. After many years of delving into the mystery of man, I have at least discovered a means of escape—through the mouth. "Ah," my friend the pessimist remarks, "Men have been talking that for thousands of years, and if there had been any virtue in it the millennium would now be on." Reason, sir, oh canning-factory friend, in the bent of your own mind and return with conclusions parallel to your own idiosyncrasies—nothing else to be expected—but permit a practical physician to believe what he has seen. Why, sir, in my younger days I had an office boy that was such an admirable receiver that when any of us were overcharged with opinions, he conducted the current from high potential to low, so that no electrical storm ever swept over our household, no lightning ever flashed, and the needle of purpose never varied. But one woe-be-ridden day, when every string of action was tangled, I lost my temper and gave the boy a shaking up. From that day he agreed with me helplessly. I discharged him for inertia of opinions. What, you supposed that an arbitrary man would enjoy being agreed with! Poor fellow! you pessimists are really to be pitied for such contraction of vision. Can't you see that if you habitually agree with a stubborn man you deprive him of all means of enjoyment? Ungloved antagonism will arouse a man from his prayers and make a fighting worshiper. An opinion doesn't crave vacant space nor strong opposition, but it craves a counterpart. As no tone ever pleases the ear without its overtones, so no opinion is a source of satisfaction without its minor; no picture can ever please the eye without a shadow for every high light. Not the parts alone make life endurable, but the parts and counterparts. My friend shrugged his shoulders as if to say that he knew little of opinions except the minors, that he had heard little of tones except the overtones, and had seen little of pictures except the shadows. But as a practitioner I felt my ability to ignore the whimper of a patient, and proceeded with my discussion of the safety valve problem much as if the ghost of a pessimist was not at my elbow.

I intended to say as soon as I thought of it, that there are millions of people dying every minute simply because they keep themselves stoppered too tightly. As a successful practitioner I have had ample opportunity to observe that whenever a man begins to have that full sensation and feels that his inherent identity is accumulating rapidly, it behooves him to take the safety valve problem into hasty consideration. Just as soon as I feel like it, I will discuss the various forms of accumulated identity; at present I wish to remark that I am a changed man ever since my office boy was smitten with inertia of opinion. Of course no manly man is expected to retrace erring steps and call back a former happy condition—that would be a moist process known as "*recipiens aquam.*" It is so much more dignified to suffer alone, and I assumed a great deal of that dignity after Charlie's dismissal. His absence is impressive. I feel it whenever business departs with the day and Morpheus lingers rather provokingly in the outer court. It is then the gases of discontent are most likely to form in the head of a lonely man.

The human frame, that mystic cavity in which lashes to an fro the fluid-spirit, is not like a bottle sustaining equal pressure in all directions, rather, strange as it may seem, like the globular sea. The ebb tide may set in at the instance of some unknown moon. Then the vital flood recedes from the shores, leaving little other than a barren and sandy beach for the observer to wander over. He finds here and there wave-weary fragments. But anon the tide sets in, not according to the predictions of the astrologers, but at the limit of the Neptune of Human Deep, whom the unsophisticated and unpoetic moderns call Mystery. On it comes, irresistibly—wave on wave; the little waves fairly tumbling over each other; irresistibly on until they dash against the breakers of human limitations, seething and roaring petulantly. Out of it all come waves, and foam, and unrest; nay, from the remotest confines of the hidden under waves, are lashed up forms of life unknown—relics, perhaps, of former generations, lying unobserved in the calm, pitched shoreward only by the storm. The water-line is falling. Inevitable reaction, and what has it done? Only a little more worn away from the breakers of human limitations. Only a little, but that is enough. If God gave the chambered nautilus millions of years to develop into a higher form, has He not other millions yet for the soul to free itself?

But little matter for so far away results, since in spite of our effervescent dreams we live in the present. Effervescent dreams, effervescent hopes, effervescent life. Effervescent—the very quality that makes it precious and withal a painful charm.

—D.

The Mecca.

WHO has not his Mecca,
And daily sought his shrine?
I have my sacred city,
And friend, hast thou not thine?

Beyond the hills its dome,
And blaze the ball and spire;
The years are changeless there,
And altars flash with fire.

The poppies nod and sigh,
The lilies tributes bring;
Its groves are not so near
You hear the warblers sing.

The sickles flash the sun,
And maidens bind the sheaves;
No petal drift is there,
Nor wilt and dead the leaves.

No thistle thorn nor larch,
Can grow within its wall;
The endless Junes press on,
And quails forever call.

The fountains throb in tune,
Unscared the fawn, and free;
There swallows find the stones
That make their blind all see.

The lakes and swans are there,
And bloom from holy clime;
And harps with silken strings
That throb with thought and ryhme.

The pageants throng the streets
And flowing banners glow;
The lov'd are dwelling there
In tents as white as snow.

And I have search'd that sky,
Nor seen a mist nor cloud;
And is your Mecca thus?
Then you are rich and proud.

You have not one, you say,
No sacred spot in truth;
No jewels that you keep
In far off lands of youth?

Nor when the days are dark,
And life is dim and chill;
When dome and spire lie hid
Behind the mist-hung hill;

When thud of clouds come near,
With hands that must let go;
And when no answers come
From depths that life would know;

When touch of time is cold,
And love no answer brings,
When ravens fly so low
They touch the heart with wings;

O friend, a Mecca that,
Nor Idol can it be;
I love my Meccas, man,
O take not one from me.—D. S. L.

Hast field thou not in grief,
Deep drunk with solemn wine,
And laid thy life all bare
Upon some hidden shrine?

From the Rostrum.

We should not only purpose, but purpose to do something.—[DR. BISHOP, Salina, Kans.

Have you any other motive for an education than the locomotive of a regnant will?—[DR. TERYLL, St. Louis, Mo.

The conscience is the legislator, the judge, the jury in the jury box, and, if we are convicted, the sheriff who sees that we are punished.—[DR. HERVEY.

If our feet are not in the way everlasting, when the breaking-off time comes, our life will not match with God's plans and purposes for us.—[REV. MR. HORNER, Howard, Kans.

You will have to do with folk more than you will have to do with fact.

Many a man fails because he has not learned the art of human approach.—[DR. MITCHELL, Minneapolis, Minn.

Whatever diminishes the sense of personal responsibility to God tends to degradation and crime.

No man is educated unless his moral faculties are developed.

Mere intellectual education never commanded resources to perpetuate individual, community, or nation.—[DR. COUNTERMINE, Topeka, Kans.

Our government is a composite photograph of all the people. If you examine a photograph which has in it some of the features you disapprove, you realize that if the photograph is not good-looking, it is partly because the subject is not good-looking; and now if you look at the composite photograph which we call our government, you will find that there are imperfections in it, you will realize that you sat for it, and some of the objectional features may be due to you. Those living in a government like this, and whose likeness is impressed upon the picture, should seek to improve their own personal appearance, and thus make a picture of the people as a whole.—[HON. WM. J. BRYAN, Lincoln, Neb.

PUGNA VERBORUM.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Collis, Professor H. — Collis Discipulum, Miss X.

Ate, friend of Collis. — Mercury, friend of Miss X.

Place—No. 49, haunted by the grim spectres of Cæsar, Circero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and others.

Time—11:00 A. M., March 24, 1898. Air foul and murky; distant thunder and vivid lightning.

Plot of the play—"Cum id impetrassent, petebant uti ad eos equites qui agmen antecessissent praemitterent, eosque pugna prohiberet, sibique ut potestatem faceret in Ubios legatos mittendi; quorum si principes ac senatus sibi jurejurando fidem fecisset, ea condicione quae a Cæsare ferretur se usuros ostendebant: ad has res conficiendas sibi tridui spatium daret."—C. Julii Cæsaris, De Bello Gallico, Commentarius Quartus.

Enter Collis and Miss X, each attended by a train. Ate and Mercury hovering at a distance glowering at each other.

Collis—"Miss X, you may read."

Miss X (rising reluctantly, brow heavy with thought; Mercury draws nearer)—"When that they had obtained, they sought that to those cavalry who were preceded by the line—"

Col. (interrupting)—"Tense of antecessissent?"

Miss X (coloring)—"I-i-i-i-mperfect!"

Col.—Your answer is! (Mercury's wings rustle ominously). Try again."

Miss X (bright thought strikes her)—"Pluperfect!"

Col.—"Good guess! Voice of antecessissent?"

Miss X (confidently)—"Active!"

Col.—"Then translate it so!"

Miss X (with fresh start)— — — who the line had preceded he sent before and those in the battle he prohibited, and to themselves and the power he made unto the Ubil ambassadors of sending, of which if the chiefs and senators to himself by oath faith had made, that condition by which Cæsar was offered themselves to be about to use they showed: to these things to be effected to them of three days he gives."

(Ate's grisly locks rise in horror; she draws near and rests upon the back of Collis's chair.)

Col. (voice deep with emotion)—"Case of spatium?"

Miss X (flushed with victory)—"It might be genitive plural of the third declension or accusative of the second declension!"

Col.—"That's singular! Did you ever hear the story of the old woman who knew positively how to tell whether eggs were fresh or not? She said: 'You put 'em into brine, and if they float, they're—well, they're either good or bad!"

Miss X covered with confusion.)

Col.—"Subject of ostendebant?"

Miss X (excitedly)—"Ea condicione!"

Col. (! ! ! !)—"Never! Never! Never! Never!! Case of se?"

Miss X (bewildered)—"Object of ostendebant."

Col. (rising and pacing the floor, his fists beating the air wildly. Ate following with sympathetic strides)—"Antecedent of se?"

Miss X (as a last resort)—"Cæsar."

Col.—"Cæsar! Cæsar! Why, don't you see? 'Quorum se principes ac senatus sibi jurejurando—' (He stops abruptly.) What is the antecedent of se?"

Miss X (overwhelmed, says faintly)—"Cæsar."

Col. (turning suddenly)—"Have you had drawing?"

Miss X (timidly)—"Yes, sir."

Col.—"Why can't you draw an inference, then? Ea condicione, ablative after usuros; se, subject of usuros. Intelligisne?"

Miss X (meekly)—Oh, yes! That's what it must be."

Col. (scarcastically)—"Yes! Got to be, now. Don't it? It is a good thing that Cæsar can't hear all of this! Gender of ea?"

Miss X (in great trepidation)—"Neuter."

Col. (frowning)—"To what does it belong?"

Miss X—"Condicione."

Col.—"Gender of condicione?"

Miss X—"Feminine."

Col. (grinning sardonically)—"Cæsar 's made a mistake then, hasn't he? See X's grammar, page——. Case of condicione?"

Miss X (in great mental suffering)—"Ablative, agreeing with ea."

Col.—"Construction of ea?"

Miss X (heart in her mouth)—"Ablative with condicione."

Col. (feelings almost too deep for utterance)—"You've heard the story of the Kilkenny cats, haven't you? How they devoured each other until not a cat was left? Looks like we've got a pair of 'em here. Construction of conficiendas?"

Miss X (using her handkerchief vigorously)—"Gerund."

Col. (wrath rising again)—"And of mittendi?"

Miss X—"I—I—I—I think it is a ge—ge—ge—(sob)—run—(sob)—dive!"

Col. (fiendishly)—"Oh, you do, do you? How can you tell the difference?"

Miss X (weeping helplessly). A gerund—di—, no, a gerund? yes, a gerund has to have something agree with it; and a gerund? no, a gerundive has to agree with something. (Sinks into her seat completely overcome.)

Col. That reminds me of the old lady and her mince pies. She was at a loss to tell them apart; so she marked one kind T. M. for 'tis mince, and the other kind T. M. for 'taint mince!

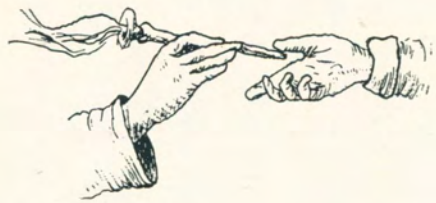
(Mercury raises his burnished shield and advances threateningly. Ate returns his challenge. Exit Mercury and Ate and their attendant trains contending fiercely.)

Bell rings. Miss X essays to rise.

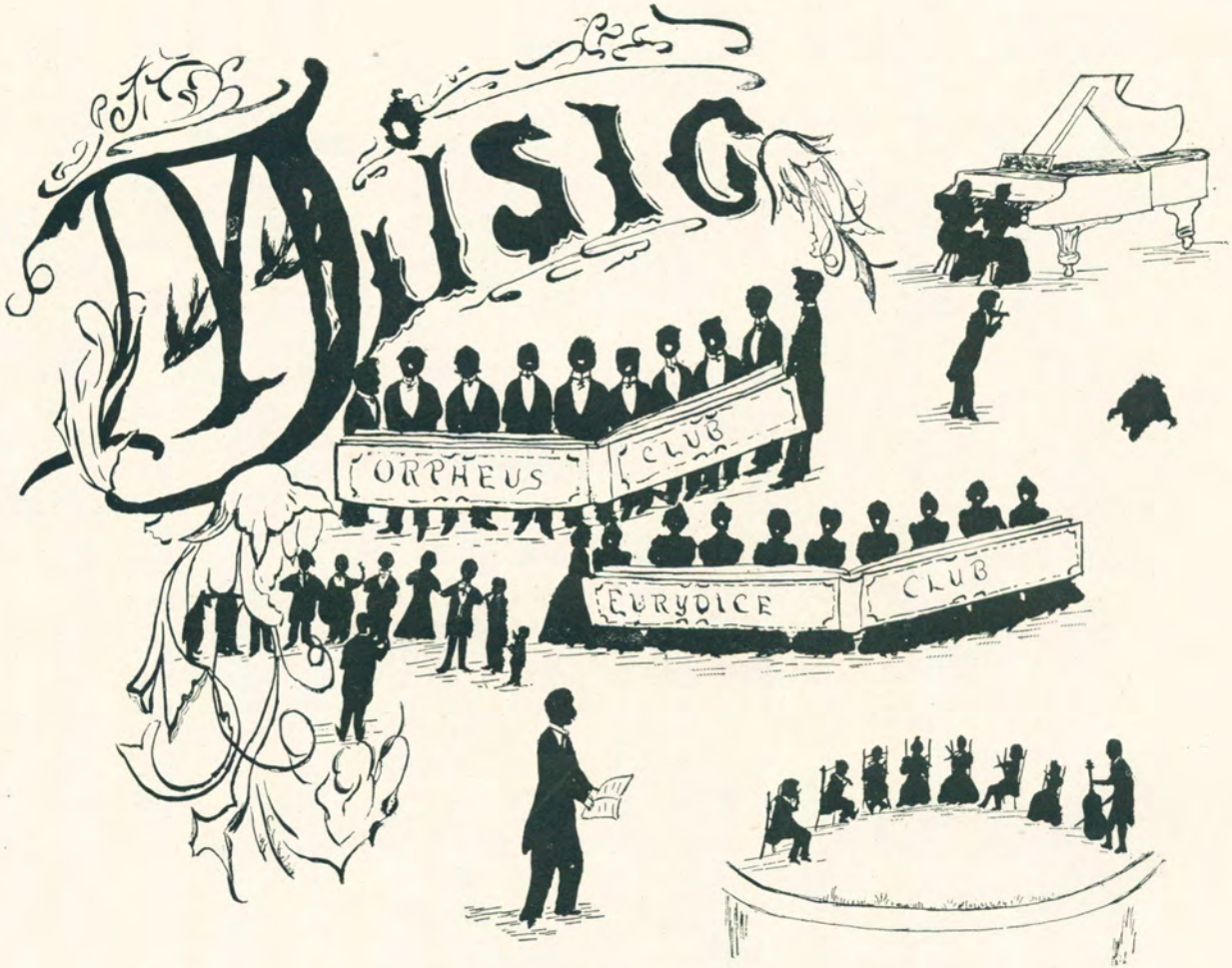
Col. Satis! Sede!

Bell rings again. Curtain falls.

Positively Miss X's last appearance in public.



FOLIO FIVE . . .


MUSIC
ORPHEUS
CLUB
EURYDICE
CLUB

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

IT was in response to a general feeling of a need for the highest and best in the art of music that, in 1893, the work of the music department was, as a whole, placed on a conservatory basis. Since that time the growth of this department has been marvelous, both in regard to the number of students and the quality of the work.

The latest and best methods of instruction and facilities for practice are employed, including the Virgil Clavier method.

The Children's Course is a special feature and is under the supervision of Miss E. Anna Stone.

Mr. Edgar B. Gordon has charge of the work in violin and stringed instruments, and also of the two organizations, the Normal Band and the Orchestra. Since these organizations study only the best class of music, their excellent work makes them delightful features of the school.

MRS. BOYLE'S STUDIO.

The work in pianoforte, musical history and form, is under the immediate instruction of Mrs. C. A. Boyle. She has studied with celebrated teachers of Chicago, New York and Boston; but the ability which she possesses as a teacher can have no truer compliment than is paid her by the superior work of the graduates of this department. The "Normal March" and "Euridice Waltz," which were composed by Mrs. Boyle, have won great favor.

MISS STONE'S STUDIO.

The Director of the Music Department, Professor C. A. Boyle, instructor in voice and harmony, has been instrumental in advancing the interest in music throughout the state. In addition to his work as instructor, he has organized and directs two vocal clubs. The Euridice, composed of young ladies, and the Orpheus, composed of young gentlemen, are planning for better work than ever before, including chorus work of the oratorio style with orchestral accompaniment.

The clubs have gained especial favor in the institution and the city. The open concert given by the Euridice last year won the praise of critical musicians.

The music department has special commencement exercises. The evening on which these are given is regarded as one of the finest evenings of the year. Owing to the fact that the standard for graduation has again been raised, the number who will graduate this year will not be so large as before; but the fact that a young lady will be graduated in violin will afford a pleasant novelty.

The recitals given semi-monthly by the students afford good opportunity for practice in public performances.

The wonderful influence that this department is exerting in formulating the highest and best ideals of the thousands who come here, brings upon itself a blessing. May it ever be thus.

KANSAS STATE NORMAL BAND.

1. Combs. 2. Southwick. 3. Johnson.
4. Bailey. 5. Garlick. 6. Hubble. 7. Daniels. 8. Campbell. 9. Vicory.
10. Long. 11. Barnes. 12. Prof. Gordon. 13. Cunningham. 14. Simpson. 15. Hill.
16. Biddle. 17. Jones. 18. Cunningham.

Euridice Club.

24. PROF. BOYLE, Director.

25. MRS. BOYLE, Accompanist.

FIRST SOPRANO.

22. JESSIE M. TAYLOR,
21. PEARL STUCKEY,
28. ALTA MAY HAINES,
11. LOTTIE E. CRARY,
2. ELVA E. CLARKE,
3. ALTA HALEY,
12. BEATRICE COCHRAN,
10. MYRTIE HOWE,
13. HATTIE GUNN,
4. MARY A. WHITNEY,
34. ADA HOGLE,
1. MARGARETTE KITTS.

SECOND SOPRANO.

9. E. ANNA STONE,
29. NINA A. CLARK,
30. NORA O'NEILL,
23. CORA PERKINS,
14. CARRIE L. KELSON,
16. ALDA KIRKTON,
15. ANNA ARNETT,
17. NINA GILLETTE,
8. EVA NEIMAN,
18. AGNES PHILO.

FIRST ALTO.

31. MAUD PLACKETT,
6. NELLIE STANLEY,
33. GEORGIA McGAHEY.
7. LORENA WOODROW,
19. LEONA ULLMAN,

SECOND ALTO.

26. ACHSAH HARRIS,
32. ELSIE STRATTON,
27. GRACE CULVER,
20. I'DELL CLARKE,
5. MARGARET GAPEN.

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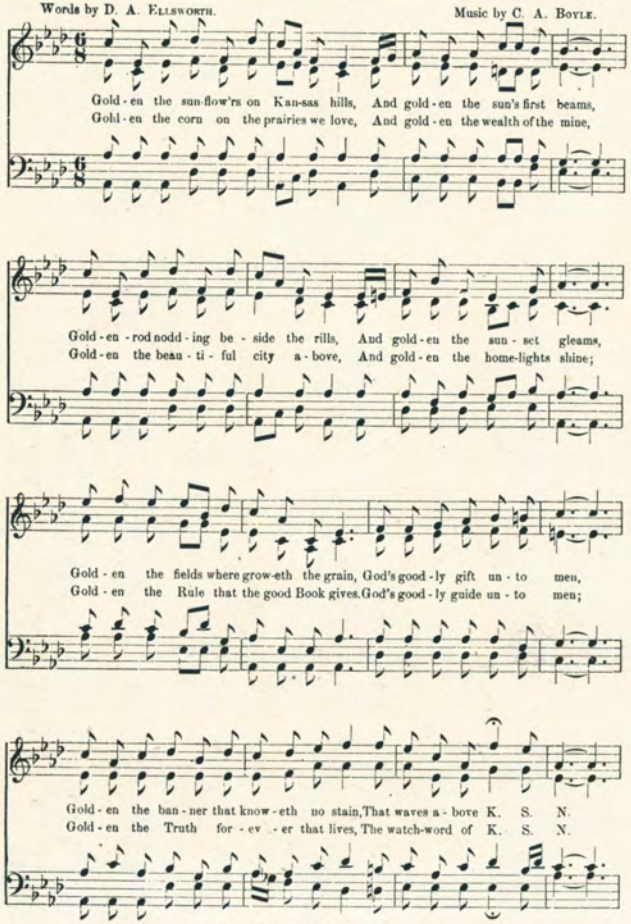
WAVE THE OLD GOLD.

Words by D. A. Ellsworth. Music by C. A. Boyle.



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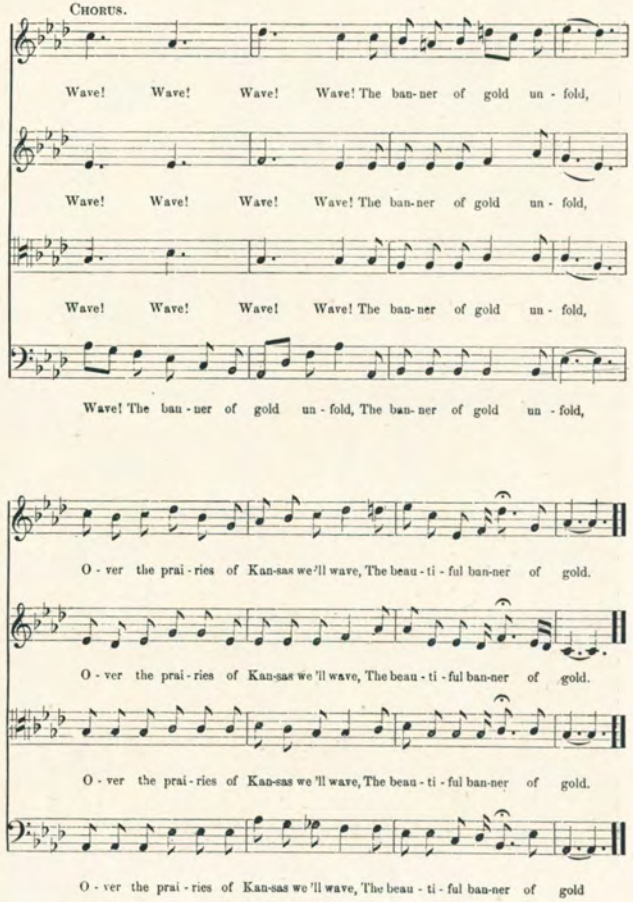
Chorus.



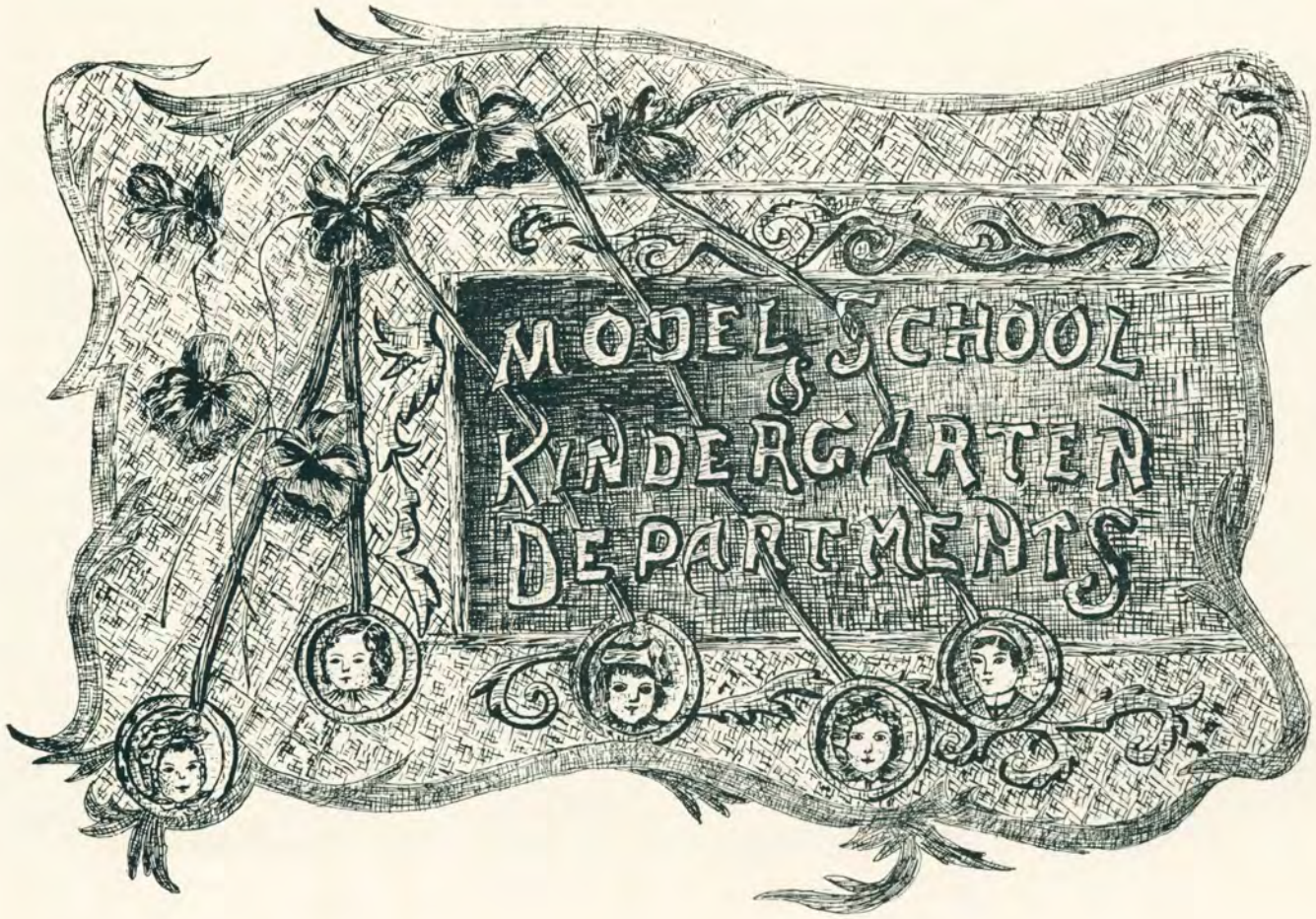
THE ORPHEUS CLUB.

1. Siebert.
2. Grover.
3. Mahin.
4. Kline.
5. Gifford.
6. Gerardy.
7. Iden.
8. Gentner.
9. Prof. Boyle.
10. Boyer.
11. Lenker.
12. Barnes.
13. LaBar.
14. Atkeson.
15. Elias.
16. Powell.
17. O'Neill.
18. Shepardson.
19. Ray.
20. Hill.
21. Lucas.

THE ORCHESTRA.

1. Miss Sprague. 2. Long. 3. Cunningham. 4. Garlick. 5. Miss Holmes. 6. Ray. 7. Hill.
8. Miss Lyman. 9. Daniels. 10. Gordon (Director). 11. Simpson. 12. Miss Bryan. 13. Miss O'Neill.
14. Johnson. 15. Miss Francis. 16. Boyle.

FOLIO SIX...


MODEL SCHOOL
&
KINDERGARTEN
DEPARTMENTS

Preparing
for the
Kindergarten
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.
The mock-bird singeth sweet songs for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
The harvest-fly hummeth away in the tree,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Hum and sing, sing and hum,
Mother is singing a lullaby;
Sing and hum, hum and sing,
Hush, little baby, oh hush-a-by.
Out in the meadow is little Bob White,
Sleep, baby, sleep;
Calling to thee, my sweet, "good night,"
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Hum and sing, sing and hum,
Mother is singing a lullaby;
Sing and hum, hum and sing,
Hush, little baby, oh hush-a-by.
Angels will watch o'er my little one's bed,
Sleep, baby sleep;
The darkness has come and the daylight has fled,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Hum and sing, sing and hum,
Mother is singing a lullaby;
Sing and hum, hum and sing,
Hush, little baby, oh, hush-a-by.
FRANCES GILLETTE.
KMF

IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

A STEP BEYOND.

THE MODEL SCHOOL.

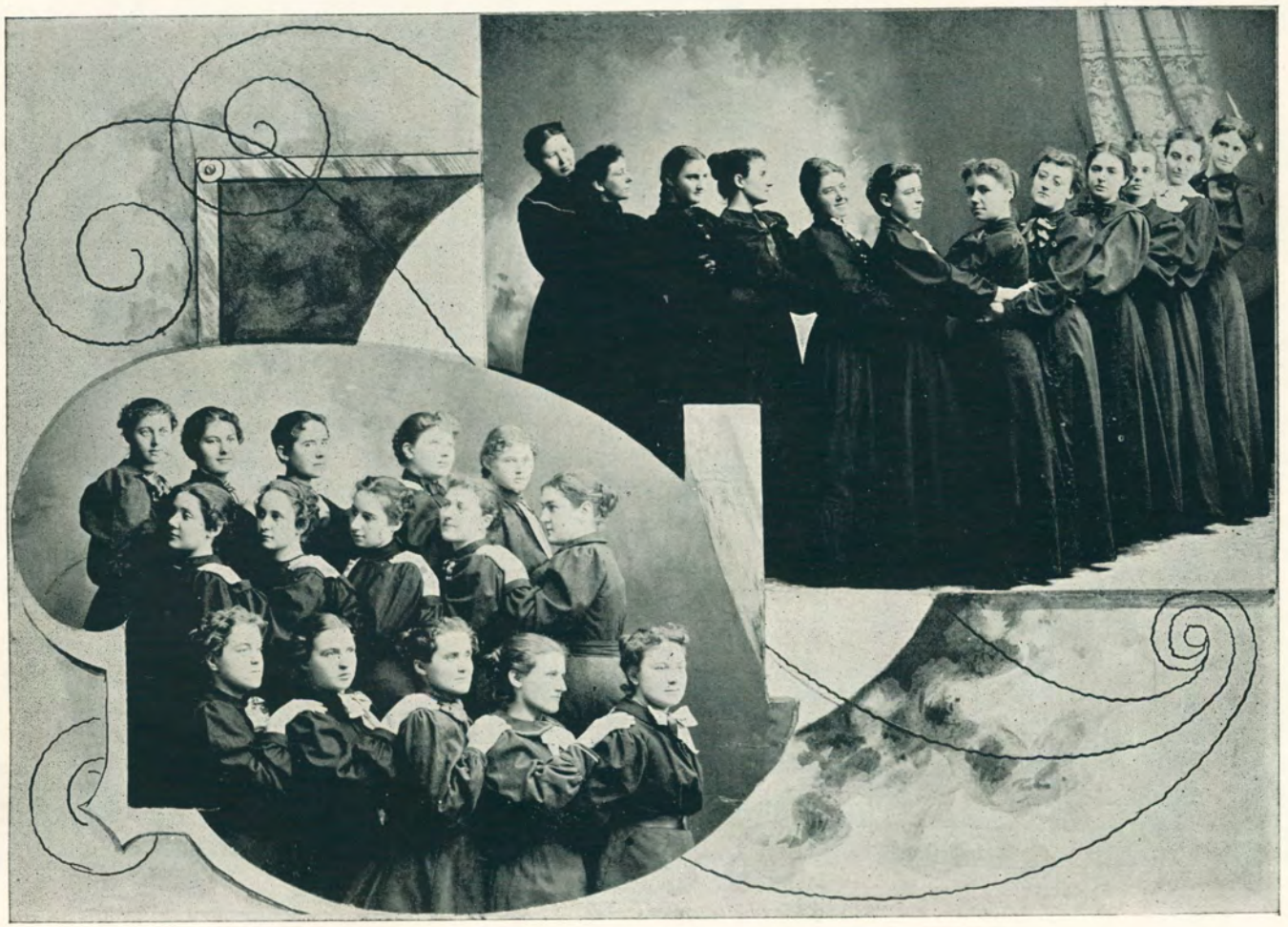
NORMAL Schools have as their most characteristic feature the model or practice school. Philosophy and pedagogy are studied in the universities, methods of teaching are discussed in teachers' institutes and in various private schools, but the regularly organized practice school marks the highest development of specialization in pedagogical training. The chairs of philosophy in German universities have for a century recognized the fact that they could not teach pedagogy without conducting a *Seminar*, as they choose to call the practice school. The state normal schools of the United States have been the principal means of building up the practice schools in this country.

The Kansas State Normal received in the Organic Act of 1864 authority to establish an experimental school. At first, however, the money appropriated was barely enough to hire a principal. Harriet M. Case, the teacher first engaged to organize the model department, was released from her contract before she entered upon the work, and was afterwards a teacher in her own *alma mater*, where the present director of training in this model school was a pupil in her classes. Mrs. Gorham, also a graduate of the Illinois Normal University, organized our model school in 1867. The lack of funds suspended the model school in 1871–3. By 1875 it had grown to occupy three rooms in the old stone building whose site and materials now furnish the location for the boilers from which our present building gets its heat. The foundations of our model school as it now is, were laid under the charge of Professor B. T. Davis as principal in the early eighties. His special interest in the kindergarten brought Miss Kuhlmann here in 1882. In those years the upper classes were called the preparatory department. From that time the model school has included all the work from the kindergarten to the A, or entering Normal class. In the early nineties Miss Emma J. Haney was critic teacher in the upper grades and Miss Louie Chamberlain was in charge of the intermediate grades during two years' leave of absence given Miss Harris for study in Michigan University. Professor Wilkinson is now serving his fourteenth year as principal. Miss Montgomery, in charge of the kindergarten, Miss Harris in the intermediate, and Miss Hays in the grammar school, have had abundant experience in their respective lines of work. Miss Whitbeck, as stenographer and general assistant to Professor Wilkinson, and Miss Milligan, associated with Miss Harris in charge of the fifth and sixth grades, are doing efficient work. The supervision and the giving of professional training in the school now takes practically the entire time of these six teachers. Ten rooms are set apart to the exclusive use of the model school, and nearly a hundred pupil teachers are engaged in the practice work.

ON THE WAY TO THE KINDERGARTEN.

FOLIO SEVEN...

ATHLETICS



GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB.

BASE-BALL.

NORMAL people are ardent admirers of the national game. They have always cherished the sport, and have encouraged the boys to play. But an institution without a head is likely to depart from the ideal of those who are professionals and from that of those who appreciate the game. For this reason the Kansas State Normal School never played good baseball until about two years ago. The *Kodak* must congratulate the pioneers of the national game in the Kansas State Normal, for had they not been persevering men the Normal could not now boast of her splendid team. They are to be congratulated, because they kept mouldering the baseball spirit under the greatest difficulties. There was little support from regents, faculty or students. There was little pecuniary aid. No match games, and in fact nothing that men recognize as necessary to the support of the game.

It was two years ago, on the arrival of Dr. Chrisman, that baseball received its great impetus. Dr. Chrisman bent his energy in behalf of the game, and by placing his whole spirit in the game so roused the school that the team of '97 surpassed any team the Normal had ever produced. Through his influence the faculty and the regents were interested in the game, and the Normal was permitted to play a few games with out-of-town teams. The strength of the team can be considered when reference is made to the Kansas-Illinois games in May, '97, Kansas winning both games with comparative ease.

Baseball having received such an impetus, the season of '98 opened with unsurpassed enthusiasm. Dozens of good men were in school who were eager to make the Normal team the State winners. It was early in the season when Dr. Chrisman resigned, thus leaving the section entirely to student management. Harry Rhodes was chosen manager, Charles Barnes, captain, and Ross Matkins, treasurer. The boys worked hard, and under their efficient guidance the team of '97 far surpassed any former team of the Institution. Such men as Potter, Lucas, Humes, Barnes, Page, Gramley, Culp, Sharp, Boyer, and F. Barnes have never been in the Normal before, and the ball they play is superior almost to any school in the State. The regents treated the section kindly, permitting games and return with Kansas Universities of Manhattan and Haskell, also with teams making a tour of the State and with local teams.

It is with baseball as with many other things. Freedom and opportunity will make the section great. If the game is unrestricted baseball men will find their way to the school, and it will take only a little more encouragement—a little more support to make Kansas State Normal the champion of the State.

FIRST TEAM, '98.

Gramley, P. Page, S. S. Culp, Sub. Culp, Sub. Humes, 1st B.
Boyer, R. F. Barnes, L. F. Rhodes, Mgr. Potter, 2d B. Lucas, 3d B.
Barnes, P. Sharp, C.

FOOT-BALL.

IN order that the Kansas State Normal School might accord with similar institutions elsewhere, foot-ball has been restricted and out-of-town games prohibited. The faculty and the students are quite enthusiastic over the sport and have always cherished hopes that the restrictions might be rescinded, but the Regents think so much of the unblemished form that they have never seen fit to break away from the antique precedent and fall in line with the university spirit.

TENNIS WINNERS OF '97.

Although foot-ball has never been properly managed, and has had no impetus from the institution, the game has been played well and much enthusiasm has prevailed among the participants. Early in September the gridiron is the resort of the boys who wish to promote the game and bring the Normal into inter-collegiate foot-ball. The *Kodak* cannot speak too highly of the foot-ball material in Kansas State Normal. Judging from the inter-society games it seems that our school ought to lead the West in foot-ball. All that is needed is the opportunity to play. If this were granted, much better material would be found in the institution than at present and the necessary expense of training would easily be met.

For the past three years the annual event of foot-ball has been the Literati All School games. These efforts show the strength of the teams and the enthusiasm in miniature as to what it would be were the game unrestricted.

ALL SCHOOL FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Page, R. E. Dickerson, L. T. Griffith, F. B. Harry Rhodes, Mgr. McGowan, Sub. Fehr, Sub.
Sommers, R. G. Washburn, C. Piper, L. G. Kline, R. T.
Farwell, L. H. Leatherberry, Q. B. Barnes (Capt.), R. H. Balcomb, L. H.

THE LITERATI FOOT-BALL TEAM.

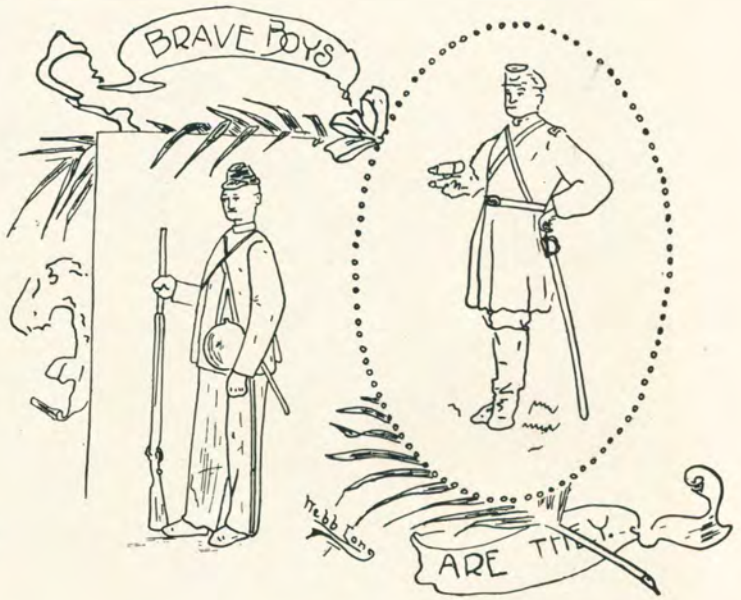
1. Matkins. 2. Lueck. 3. Beeler. 4. Coffman. 5. Loomis. 6. Turkleson. 7. Barcus.
8. Billick. 9. McKinley. 10. Barnes. 11. Harrison. 12. Priest.
13. Priest. 14. Horn. 15. Lucas.

OFFICERS OF THE STATE NORMAL BATTALION.

1. Captain George Smith. 2. Sergeant C. F. Harrison. 3. Lieutenant A. L. Garlick. 4. Sergeant D. A. Rice. 5. Captain A. M. Thoroman.
6. Lieutenant Niles Mossman. 7. Commandant W. C. Stevenson. 8. Lieutenant E. E. Salser.
9. Sergeant Charles Huey. 10. Sergeant Henry Amyx
11. Captain F. E. Vicory. 12. Major Raymond Oveson. 13. Sergeant C. M. McConkey. 14. Lieutenant Fred Stevenson.

THE BATTALION.

THE Battalion was organized semi-seriously on the old ball-park on East Twelfth Avenue, in the fall of 1889, by W. C. Stevenson, who consented to a proposition of the boys that they engage in military drill instead of baseball. W. M. Kyser, '90, and W. B. Brown, '91, were first and second lieutenants, and ably assisted in laying the foundation that has withstood the storms of nine active fleeting years.



Late in the fall of '90 the work was resumed. A handsome commission was issued at the close of the year to those completing the work with honor. Prof. Eli L. Payne served as private in the rear rank, and grew an inch as a result of the high vault.

In the fall of '91 the Battalion reached a membership of over one hundred, and became very popular with the young men of the Institution. The first banquet was held this year, and it has continued to be one of the pleasing social features of the school.

The young ladies, for some unknown reason, desired to drill, and Company B was organized in 1892 with over one hundred members. They drilled with enthusiasm and punctuality throughout the year. The officers were: Lou Weohner, '92, first lieutenant; Jennie Whitbeck, '95, second lieutenant; Brooks Baird, '92, first sergeant.

1893 was a red-letter year, and saw such valiant soldiers as Professors Hill and Ellsworth in the ranks. The most exciting events of the year were the capture of a deserter by Sergt. C. W. Jones, and the court-martial of Lieutenant Jarrett for swelliomuchiœgotistico. The gold-medal contest drills were begun this year and have been continued each year since. A good friend in the city, who was a student in the Normal when a boy, furnishes the medals. His modesty is so great that he insists upon the name being withheld.

The competitive drills were especially strong in 1894, and the discipline as good as could be expected, when there is no authority to enforce military discipline.

THE OFFICERS OF COMPANY C, K. S. N. BATTALION.

1. Corporal J. H. Lane.
2. Corporal A. C. Whealy.
3. Corporal H. J. Lambert.
4. Sergeant C. S. Huey.
5. Corporal C. R. Turkleson.
6. Color Sergeant W. S. Livingstone.
7. First Sergeant D. A. Rice.
8. First Lieutenant E. E. Salser.
9. Commandant W. C. Stevenson.
10. Captain Freeman Vicory.
11. Second Lieutenant C. M. McConkey.
12. Corporal A. L. Graham.
13. Corporal Dean Snyder.

For the following two years W. C. Stevenson was Commandant, and J. H. Hill, Adjutant. The gold medals in the various competitive drills were eagerly contested for, and won only by excellent workers.

In 1897-'98 Lieut.-Col. Stevenson was re-elected Commandant, and Sergt. C. S. Henry, Adjutant. A. M. Thoroman is Captain of Company A, B. R. Smith of Company B, and Freeman Vicory of the new company—Company C.

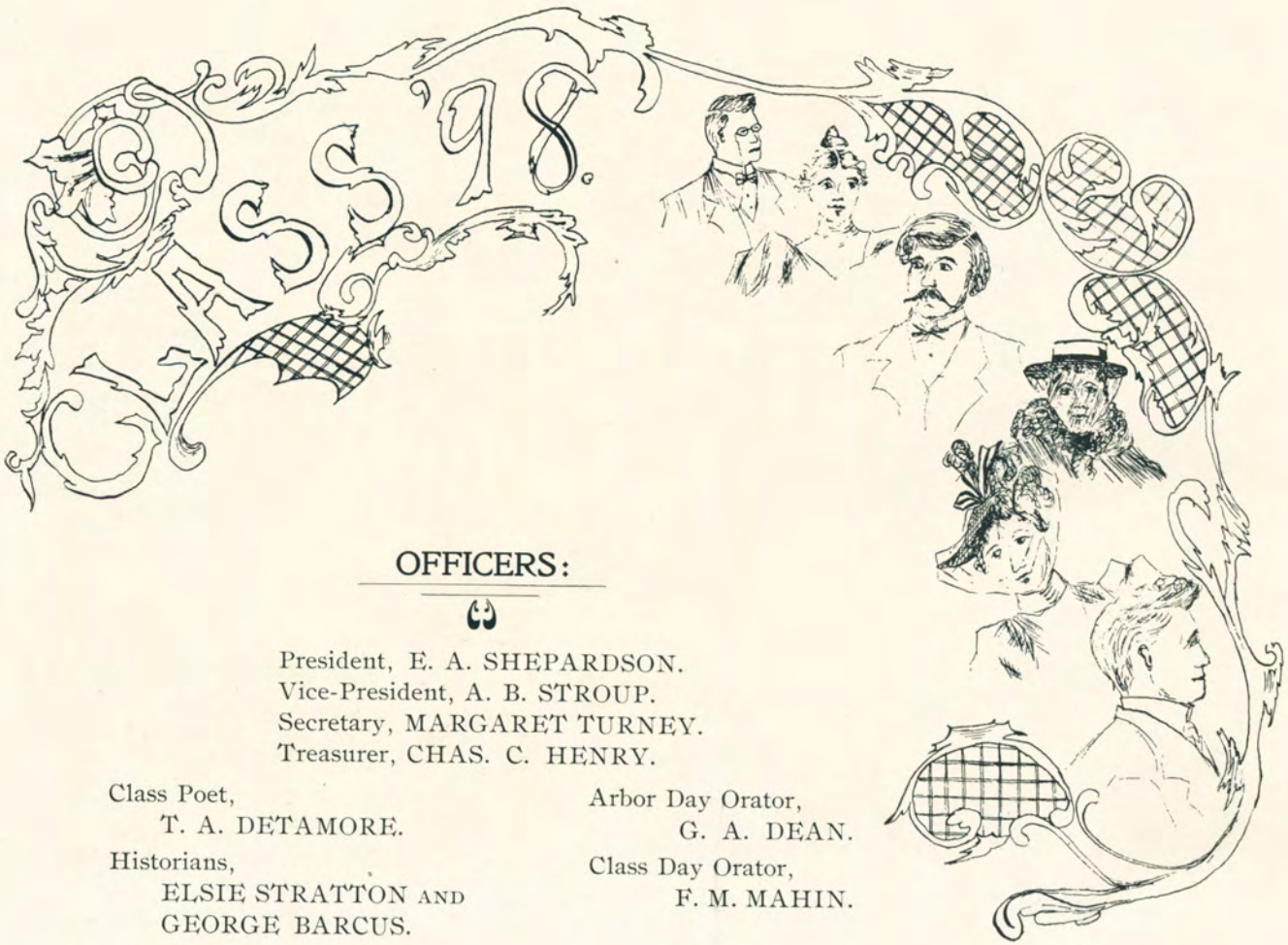
Throughout the nine years of its existence, the Battalion has had much in the line of entertainment, and its fun has been of the kind that lives long in the memory.

In the autumn of 1897 the Battalion went into camp at "Camp Taylor," which was located on the classic Neosho, northeast of the city. Tents, and a well-organized commissary department with regular duty and the fun incident to camp life, made the occasion a most enjoyable one. The faculty came out in the evening and enjoyed the fires, and did justice to the apples and beans. The guards were disturbed by the enemy at all hours of the night, and one was captured, as shown by the following cut.

GUARD (at Camp Taylor).—"Halt! Advance and give countersign."

He advanced, but he didn't give the countersign.

FOLIO EIGHT...



OFFICERS:

President, E. A. SHEPARDSON.
Vice-President, A. B. STROUP.
Secretary, MARGARET TURNEY.
Treasurer, CHAS. C. HENRY.

Class Poet,
T. A. DETAMORE.

Historians,
ELSIE STRATTON AND
GEORGE BARCUS.

Arbor Day Orator,
G. A. DEAN.

Class Day Orator,
F. M. MAHIN.

1. C. W. Kline. 2. H. M. Cunningham. 3. W. H. Greider. 4. W. H. Keller. 5. H. H. Gerardy. 6. W. B. Hall. 7. J. E Crawford.
8. Mary Dunlap. 9. Mae Edwards. 10. Grace Cain. 11. E. A. Shepardson.
12. T. M. Wood. 13. C. G. Messerley.
14. Isabella Barnett. 15. Grace Walter. 16. Margaret Turney. 17. E. G. Griswold.
18. Mrs. J. F. Smith. 20. Elma Holloway. 21. W. A. La Bar. 22. L. G. Lenker. 23. J. F Smith. 24. Sibyl Dunn.

SENIOR HISTORY.

THE class of '98 is composed of that element which are called ladies and gentlemen—all animals excluded. In this class are found people of all ages, ranging from sixteen to forty. As in all classes of people this class has an ideal which stands the highest, the noblest of all such ideals, which surpasses the ideal of any other class of people. This may be called the completely developed self. The pure and unselfish spirit which prevails throughout this class is a noble, true, generous ideal which is a credit to any one regardless of race, color, or previous condition.

A hundred persons, a hundred minds work as one, if it may be conceded that this class has ever been guilty of such a thing as work. The aspirations of the members of this class are high and great, aspirations that will lift them to the high plane of glory—in their minds. Doubtless some have the idea of succeeding President McKinley, some Grant and others Bill Nye.

The high mental power which radiates from the whole class is no doubt due to the Celtic invasion. Some of the members of previous classes will no doubt point with pride to this invasion which has changed and also to the class of '98 which will no doubt change the future history of the world. How can the world stand unchanged when such an immense amount of matter and brain power is dumped upon it from the orifices of the State Normal School? The whole world and Klondike will feel the terrible shock which was prophesied in times of B. C. to appear on June 16, '98. Then and not until then shall the great prophecy be fulfilled.

The '98ers as a class bear the stamp of the rustic who once roamed over the hills and valleys of the gorgeous Sunflower State, but now under the strong power of education is moulded into a fine well developed human being. All great minds come from the rustic seat, cradled by the waving grain, developed by diversity of activity, distilled, made pure and noble by the refining process obtained to the greatest extent only in the Kansas State Normal School. K. S. N., the pride of the west, the glory of Kansas, the right arm of Emporia, is known as the greatest and best institution of its kind in the world.

The class of '98 has obtained members from under the roof of country school houses, from the doors of the high schools, and from the "ponies" of colleges. However, the doors of K. S. N. are too small for any such to ride through on their "ponies." All these, rocked in the cradle of adversity, nourished upon the plain rustic fare, fondled by busy hands, the youth, now the manhood composing the class of '98 early saw the need of caring for self. The fact that mental development must not be slighted was recognized by the *rustici* as they wended their ways along the boulevards, up the wide avenues to the State Normal School of Kansas.

Just at this age which the class of '98 has now reached, the mind is easily influenced by the adversities of school life, by the trials and temptations of every day life; even cupid grinds his dart and makes the members think the whole Sioux Nation is on the war path. Tennyson expresses this most aptly in those beautiful lines where he says "In the

English, Academic and Music Graduates.

G. L. Atkeson, Acad. A. T. St. Clair, Acad. Anna Montieth, Acad. F. A. Ellsworth, Acad.
C. W. Jones, Acad. N. P. Evans, Acad.
A. M. Bailey, Acad. Lulu Tanner, Acad. Hattie Cochran, Eng.
Geo. Barcus, Acad. Alfred George, Acad. G. W. Moore, Acad. Chas. McKinley, Acad. C. C. Chapman, Acad. G. C. Lucas, Acad.
W. L. Dunbar, Acad. G. A. Dean, Eng. Ethel Van Voris, Acad. Lillian St. John, Eng. J. W. Lakin, Eng.
P. N. Heck, Acad. Alda Kirkton, Music. Alice Goldberg, Music. C. M. Rose, Eng.

spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The age is not perfect, even the class of '98 has faults. Four of these celebrities fell victims to this awful malady which Tennyson has so sorrowfully portrayed. Others tried but have been foiled in their efforts, others have tried ever since they can remember, and have not yet accomplished their purpose, while some will try till Gabriel sounds his trumpet, and still on their brows disappointment will sit as a monarch on his throne.

The class after its Freshman trials, its Sophomore misfortunes, its Junior triumphs, its Senior joys will leave its Alma Mater to go forth upon the broad plain of active life and attempt to leave a monument that will stand through the ages yet to come. In these struggles some have bought glue to keep soul and body together, others lived the life of a noble, others ate, drank and were merry. Some were as bright as the morning star, some floundered like a disabled vessel, others sank below the surface for a time but soon their wings appeared again and now they are in the class of '98. Some have succumbed to the wounds received from cupid's darts.

"A Man's a Man for a' that" at the Kansas State Normal. The class during their stay in school have been the advisers of the under class-men showing them the possibility of evoluting to the plane now occupied by this class, however slim may be the chances. They have been the politicians and statesmen of the institution, have informed them what is going on in the faculty meetings and shown the broad and unobstructed way to the "office." Many times have the members stood on the "carpet" looking at the pictures (?). The under class-men should always respect the advice of the seniors and it is not uncommon for a teacher to be advised when a senior is in the class room. No doubt the advice is always of the highest order.

The running of the institution can be well and safely trusted to the senior class in the absence of President Taylor. This class would run it to the satisfaction of professor, student and citizen. No examinations, everybody passed out, credits given in lots, students turned loose by the wholesale. The class is well known among the citizens, professors and themselves, and even respected and their friendship highly prized by the juniors.

The class has enjoyed its stay at the Normal, some of its members enjoyed one year's work, others two and three, while some had the pleasure of even more. A few grades on page thirteen, some pages of this description missing, a few readings of the hand-book, some difficulties, some crimes committed, but finally the course is untwisted and commencement day arrives bright and clear; everything alive, even the fans, the air is clear, the orations spit fiery passages, the speeches are a little wearisome, the diplomas are fine and at last the senior! He carries his "sheepskin" proudly away and as he leaves he goes as if on air; then he realizes that the sails are filling and his craft is launched upon the wide ocean of time.

Student life is a time in the life of a man when he can satisfy his thirst for knowledge. As the great ship of fortune passes along it stops at the harbor of opportunity but once and those who are prepared will embark. Will we be prepared? Shall we let this ship pass? The class of '98 has availed itself of this opportunity and when fortune smiles they will go aboard to be borne out on life's tempestuous sea ready to meet any obstacle that may present itself, and cannot help but overcome it with the equipage that is afforded by the K. S. N. S.

Elementary Course.

Luie Hutchinson. Luella Plumb. Laura Gardner. Myrtie Howe. Agnes Good. Isa Walter.
Elsie Stratton. Kate Schiller. Nellie Austin. Edna Heywood. Mary Bacon. Carrie Thomas. Ethel Matson.
Cora Perkins. Minnie Holloway. A. P. Featherngill. Elizabeth Meuser. Cora Ellis.
Z. E. Wyant. S. S. Long. L. L. Hart. Maude Young. R. V. Anderson. M. W. Harner. E. Row.

Senior Calendar, 1897=98.

SEPTEMBER.

7. School opens for the senior class, who permit nine hundred under-classmen to engage in work with them.
8. Seniors view the frightful wreck on the Santa Fe between Emporia and Lang.
9. William Jennings Bryan speaks before the seniors. He is warmly received by the two Populists of the class.
12. All the churches in the city invite the seniors to attend services.
15. The College of Emporia, the little school on the hill just west of the city, opens, two senior girls attend.
16. Senior girls have an opportunity to vote for McKinley for president (of the senior class).
18. Senior social. All undergraduates invited.
23. Senior astronomy class views the heavens. A heavy rain begins falling at once.
25. Seniors get first letters from home. They all have money until their bills are paid.
27. The senior boys refuse the Reversible Collar Company a guarantee of $500 for a factory in Emporia.
28. Much to their regret, the seniors receive their oration subjects.
29. The first senior girl receives an invitation to "T."
30. Burglars appear at the home of two senior girls, but, of course, get nothing.

OCTOBER.

4. William Roberts appears before the senior class at the Whitley in Faust.
6. The annual committee lays its plans for the publication of the *Kodak*.
11. The Dog and Pony Show and Sunny Slope herd return safely. The seniors all feel relieved.
13. Senior boys receive invitations to Hallowe'en party.
14. A senior boy had his summer suit dyed black.
22. Battalion has its annual meeting. Seniors are invited to the camp.
23. Hewett's confectionery parlor offers reduced rates to seniors.

NOVEMBER.

1. Seniors have a test in psychology; the room is cold and some nearly reach the zero point.
3. Visitors delight the seniors by taking up the spelling hour with helpful talks.
6. Bernard Listemann String Quartette favors the class with a difficult program.
11. Students' Salute betrays the first signs of death.
15–16. Mid-term examinations are reveled in by the juniors. All seniors pass on their grades.

Elementary Course.

Nettie Barber.
Jessie Walker.
Jennie Knowles.
T. A. Edgerton.
Carolyn Hall.
Orpha Martin.
Nellie De Vault.
Maud Plackett.
A. B. Stroup.
Carrie Gasche.
Elizabeth Tangemann.
Mrs. Lowry-Miller.
Ella Braddock.
Elizabeth Jones.
Mary Miller.
J. H. Paradise.
Frank Agrelius.
J. A. Dunbar.
Sadie Maple.
Mary Hothan.
Blanche Dickey.
Emma Cook.
F. M. Mahin.
Florence Harley.
J. E. Boyer.

19. Burlington and Emporia High Schools engage in a foot-ball contest before the senior class.
30. Senior boys are all glad that the ice-cream season has closed.

DECEMBER.

1. Senior class as a whole views the bas-relief of the class of '97.
5. Members of the class begin to receive bills from the merchants for the payment of November bills.
7. Much local alarm and confusion among seniors. A professor appeared in a new suit cut to fit *him*.
9. Among so many pleasures the seniors register low in their classes.
10. The oldest senior girl tries Ayer's Hair Vigor.
16. The Celia Sleeve No. 1050, medium size, is placed in the Delineator just in time for the girls' vacation dresses.
19. A bright senior boy sends one of his ideas to John Wedderburn & Co., Washington, D. C.
21. The K. U. Glee Club tries to sing before the senior class. The members of the club escape with their lives.
22. A. T. St. Clair wins the oration contest.

JANUARY.

3. The seniors return to school.
4. The senior class attends the funeral of the Students' Salute.
5. Seniors do nothing but cram for tests.
18. The College of Emporia invites the seniors to attend its oratorical effort.
23. Two heavy-weight senior girls, skating on the Neosho, measure the depth of the water.
28. The "Oven" appeared to gladden (?) the hearts of the seniors.
29. The great oratorical scrap of the year occurs.
31. Oyster bills have been big for some of the senior boys.

FEBRUARY.

15. John Dillon appears before the seniors at the Whitley.
16. S. H. Clark, of Chicago University, appears in Normal Lecture Course.
19. Seniors lay plans to disturb the battalion banquet.
20. A company of senior girls discuss the advisability of asking C. M. Rose to remove his mustache.
21. Agrelius begins to comb his hair smooth.
22. Seniors celebrate Washington's birthday.
24. Anderson has become steady with the girl whom he accompanied on all occasions the rest of the year.
27. Atkeson and Than. Evans, whose names have not been in print for a year, get their hair cut.

MARCH.

1. Conspiring seniors engage in an encounter with the training teacher.
2. Seniors request the March debaters to have their hair cut before the contest.

ELEMENTARY COURSE.

Ola Evans. Myrtle Morris. Nannie Bates. Adela Humphrey. C. C. Henry. R. A. McIlvaine. Julia Davis. Anna Carlile. Carrie Stittsworth. E. R. Farwell. Abbie Rines. Trine Hardy. Osie Christy. R. Allen. Nettie Hopkins. R. Oveson. Mrs. Stevens. Lena Monney. Nina Clark. H. C. Griswold. Carrie L. Kelson. Jessie Hoover Lillie Dial. Frances Brown. F. M. Horn.

8. The whole senior class rejoices. Teachers' meeting and physical training are postponed.
9. A handsome senior girl appears wearing a new diamond ring.
10. Seniors order contest postponed. Brown, having obeyed former order, caught cold; Thoroman ditto.
13. One of the editors of the *Kodak* had company from Madison.
17. Two senior boys, who had secured company for the contest, borrow a dollar and order hacks.
18. Belles-Lettres–Philomathian contest.
25. The seniors request the Lyceum girls to sit for photos for *Kodak*. They break three plates at the Cottage Studio.

APRIL.

1. Seniors attend the "Gay Matinee Girl."
2. All-school, 3; Literati, 2.
4. Half dozen seniors receive invitations to "T." concerning the internal dissentions at the ball game.
6. Seniors receive grades in Child-study and Methods.
7. Seniors hand in borrowed orations.
15. *Kodak* committee send in pictures of senior class. The engravers of Perrin & Smith lay off a half day to look at photos of senior girls.
16. Normal, 22; College, 12.

MAY.

2. Every senior begins to dig for fear of flunking.
5. Seniors start for contest at Normal, Ill.
7. Dean Rose shows signs of blooming.
9. The seniors request the farmers of the Agricultural College to return the game of base ball.
11. All the senior girls appear in new spring dresses.
19. Normal, 5; Haskell Indians, 0.
20. Normal, 5; Kansas University, 4.
28. Thirteen Club seniors go boating.
31. May closes and leaves many seniors trembly as to finishing the course.

JUNE.

1. Anderson and George went to the timber and rehearsed their speeches.
3. Lucas takes the third "ex." in spelling.
6. Normal, 20; College, 0.
11. Prize contest in debate and declamation. The L—— Society wins.
13. Class day. Mahin is witty and humorous.
15. Seniors entertain Alumni.
16. Commencement Day.
17. Seniors who flunked enter summer school. FINIS.

FOLIO NINE...

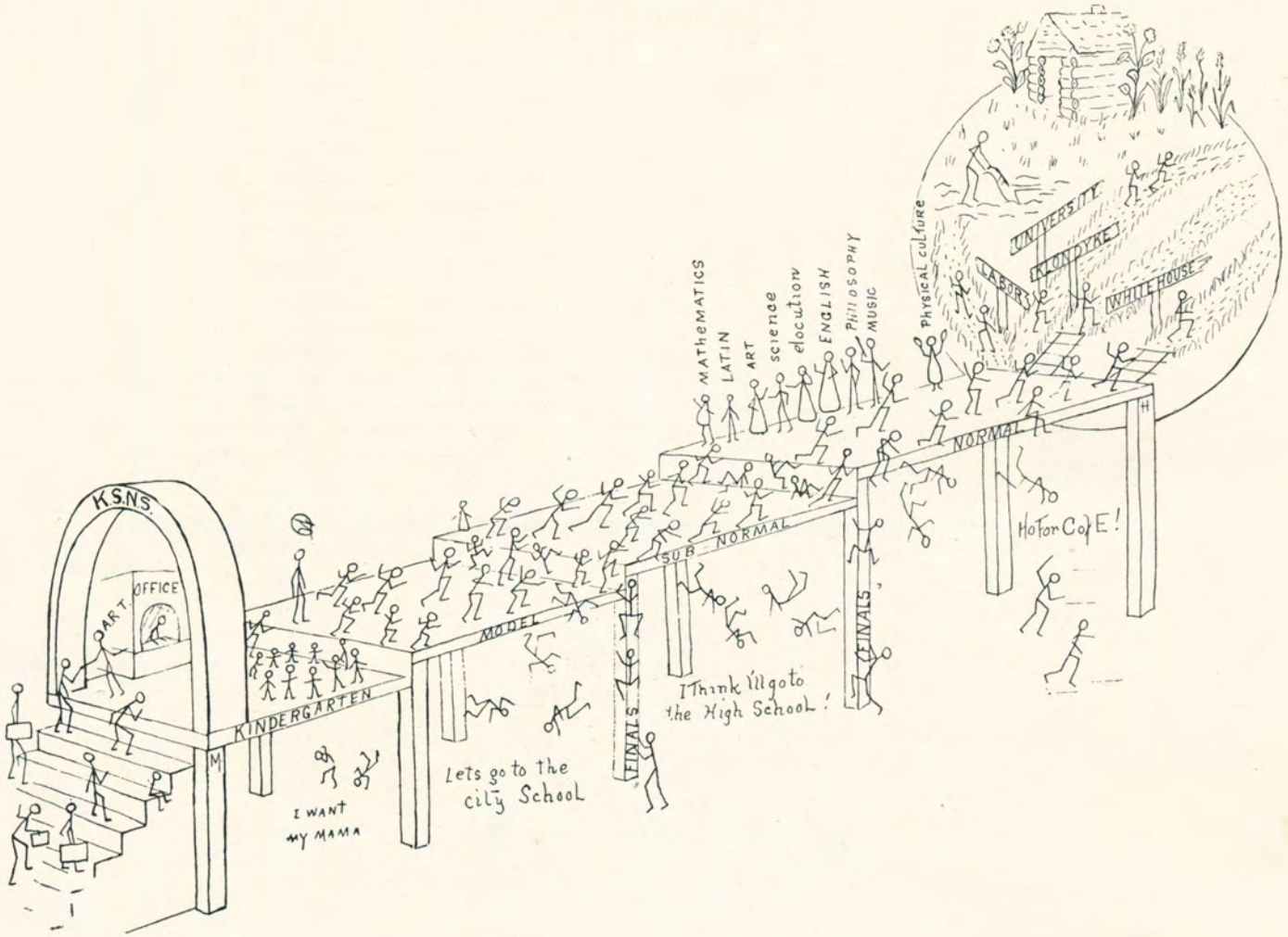
HIS LAST YELL
TO Capital but Capital !
In the Spring
AND SO FORTH.
CENT IN THE LAST "EX."
SIX PEETALL BUT TWENTY PER-
ISS ALREADY BLACK THE JUST BUTTIN ON THE POLISH.

ETCETERA.

In Memoriam.

FOR two days the sun had not shown his face. A deep veil of mist shrouded the earth, drops of water clung to trees and hedges, the air was damp and murky. In the building all was silent, the curtains were drawn, crape was placed upon the doors, noisy footsteps and boastful laughter gave way to delicate footsteps and sad smiles. The bell begins to toll the parting knell, all listen intently. One, two, three, four, can it be that four years mark the existence of the departed. The knell is rung, the story is told.

Three years of a life, useful and beloved by all, endeared to every student of the Kansas State Normal, have passed. How sad to reflect upon death! Death like this much sadder. So strong, so sturdy, and so useful was this life that its end seemed almost impossible. Yet how useless to mourn. All things must die. The fourth year, the sad year, must yet be spoken of. In June, '97 the dreaded malady clutched the system with its withering fangs and the ruddy life began to fade. Temporary aid bridged the chasm for a few months, but anxious, watchful eyes saw that the end was near. The consummate skill of a new physician was exhausted, but the frigid blasts had wrecked the shuddering form until aid was useless. The heroic life must succumb to the mandates of grim death. On January 3d, 1898, Sharon ferried the Students' Salute over the Styx.


K.S.N.S.
OFFICE
ART
KINDERGARTEN
MODEL
SUB NORMAL
NORMAL
FINALS
FINALS
MATHEMATICS
LATIN
ART
science
elocution
ENGLISH
PHILOSOPHY
MUSIC
PHYSICAL CULTURE
UNIVERSITY
KLONDYKE
LABORATORY
WHITE HOUSE
I WANT MY MAMA
Lets go to the city School
I Think I'll go to the High School!
Ho for Col E!

Coming Through the Aisle.

IF you meet a Normal lassie
Coming through the aisle,
Ask her why she is so happy
Coming through the aisle.
She will smile and tell you sweetly,
Free from every guile,
"O all the lads they smile at me while
Coming through the aisle!"

In Assembly, all so silent,
Sit in sober style,
Twenty wise and good professors
Watching all the while.
Soon the tiny bells are ringing,
Soon we form in file;
O, then you see the fun beginning,
Coming through the aisle!

If a Senior meets a Junior
Coming through the aisle,
Need a Senior tell a Junior,
"Keep in single file"?
Junior sees a huge professor's
Feelings 'gin to rile,
And joins a party at twelve-thirty,
Coming through the aisle.

If a bonnie Junior lassie
Coming through the aisle,
Moves so gracefully before you,
Close in single file;
Is it wrong to linger near her—
Laugh and talk and smile,
With no professor near to hear you,
Coming through the aisle?

Stately Senior slowly moving,
Moving through the aisle,
Junior lassie close beside him,
Not in single file,
Round and round the circuit moving,
More than half a mile,
O happy day! O pleasant way of
Coming through the aisle.

Soon will school day-dream be over,
Coming through the aisle,
Soon we'll stroll through fields of clover
Happy hours to guile;
Soon we'll tread life's flowery path,
Though not in single file;
So smile ye lassie, bonnie lassie,
Coming through the aisle.

The Jayhawker's Song.

Tune: "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

I'm a Jayhawker boy from a Jayhawker state;
I wear Jayhawker hats on a Jayhawker pate;
I ride a Jayhawker horse in a Jayhawker way;
In the Jayhawker state I'm bound for to stay.

CHORUS:

Don't you see, we've come to Illinois,
And with us brought, a handsome Jayhawk boy,
And when the contest's o'er, in the chorus all join in,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night,
Jayhawker,
Badger, Hawkeye, Sucker and Puke,
If you don't watch out, you'll be in the soup,
For Allan St. Clair is going to take first place,
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

I've a Jayhawker girl with a Jayhawker face;
She wears Jayhawker flowers with a Jayhawker grace;
She sings Jayhawker songs with a Jayhawker voice;
For the Jayhawker girl is my own free choice.

Oh, the Jayhawker skies and the Jayhawker days
Are the Jayhawker's pride and the Jayhawker's praises
For the Jayhawker knows that the Jayhawker's pain;
Fill the Jayhawker's barn with the Jayhawker's grains.

So the Jayhawker sows and the Jayhawker reaps,
And the Jayhawker sings and the Jayhawker sleeps,
While the Jayhawker's steers and the Jayhawker's shotes
Grow the Jayhawker's gold, into Jayhawker's notes.

Neither Jayhawker winds nor Jayhawker drouth
Stops the Jayhawker's heart or the Jayhawker's mouth;
For the Jayhawker's faith and the Jayhawker's song
Are the Jayhawker's life in his Jayhawker home.

My first is the king of the senses;
My second is the home of the king of beasts;
My whole is the king of woman kind.

Do you know which professor it is?

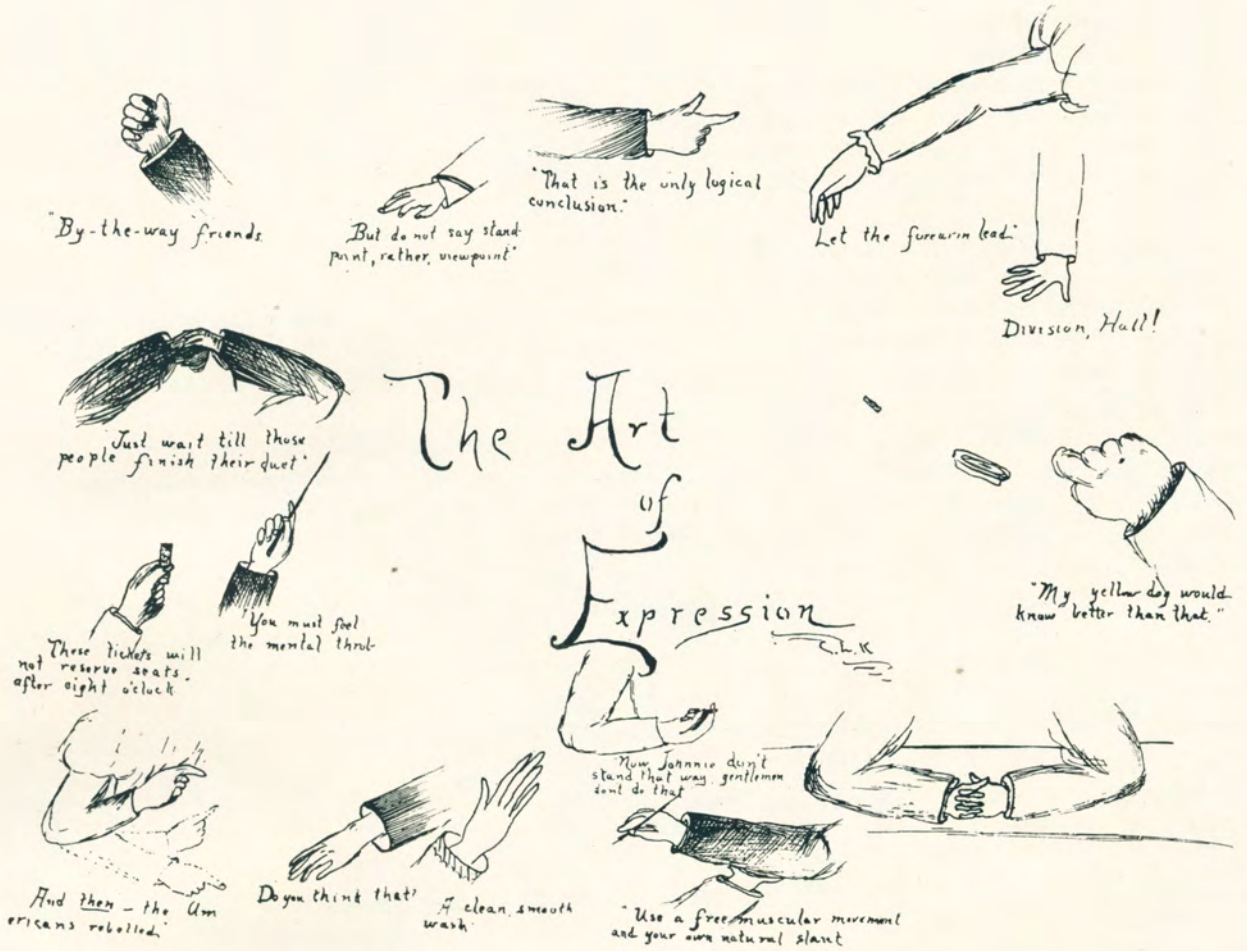
The reason why a student cannot recite on his feet is, that he gets up so high that the winds of criticism blow all his ideas away.

Moral: The professor must keep the mental transoms closed.

He. ('98, who isn't in it.) How is your Leap Year Club prospering?

She. (No. 1, trapped.) Oh, beautif—(changing color) You mean old thing! It isn't a Leap Year Club. Its the XIII Club! So it is!

There was a little Normalite
Who had a little thought,
He put it on his paper
And he got a great big naught.


"By-the-way friends
But do not say standpoint, rather, viewpoint"
"That is the only logical conclusion."
Let the forearm lead.
Division, Hall!
Just wait till those people finish their duet.
The Art of Expression
C. L. K.
"My yellow dog would know better than that."
You must feel the mental thrust
Those tickets will not reserve seats after eight o'clock
Now Johnnie don't stand that way gentlemen dont do that
And then – the Communists rebelled.
Do you think that?
A clean smooth wash
"Use a free muscular movement and your own natural slant

IT isn't much of a story. The outcome of the incident, however, showed me how foolishly apprehensive, and perhaps what a cowardly would-be gallant a green farmer boy may be at eighteen. I don't know whether there are any of my type in the Normal now. I hope not; for, believe me, life was agony. Mayhap 'twas what Milton calls the "Agony of love till now not felt."

Our room on Constitution Street was the scene of the incident. The time, at Sunday evening lunch. I sat munching a mouthful of sandwich, gazing at fleeting but fantastic nothings, perhaps because my eyes had grown tired following busy birds building during that long lonesome Sunday afternoon, or perhaps because my senses were now all turned into ears catching eagerly at the melody, "We'd Better Bide a Wee," from Jim's violin.

"Music is the food of love," said I aloud, at length.

"Mine prefers chocolates and ice cream," put in Jim with his excellent drollery.

"It spins out life as on cobwebs bedecked with diamonds," I mused on, unruffled by Jim's asperity. "There! Ah, how beautiful! A true fairy land—estates—castles curtained with golden films—riches—renown—ease—no dreaded tests, nor examinations, nor sacks of hard-tack! Grand! Ah!——"

But—thud!! A thousand piercing pains! O, Satan's bruises, what a jar! "Have I dropped down into this dreary prison again?" I gasped. Soon, and with a rare mixture of feeling, I discovered that, instead of broken bones, the disturber was the boarding-house biscuit. It had fallen from my fingers with a thud certainly sufficiently violent to project a compunction into its baker's conscience—for he Sundayed at home, only in the next block.

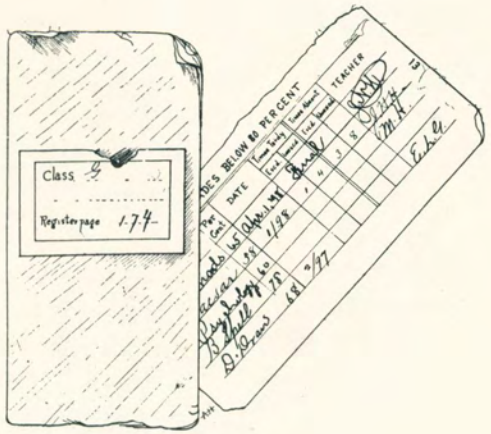
Having gathered up the bread and the fragments of my dissipated emotion, nothing daunted, I bolted off again into my trance. "Jim," I fervently prayed, "would that I might forever eat angel-food and have a ——— !"

"Oh, you contemptibly cracked little freshman! I'll kick you into the street if you don't shut up," broke in Jim with words like sharpened swords. They struck home. The love of my fancy fell before them. Something dear to me was being insulted. I thirsted for revenge, and accordingly sprang at Jim—snarling, hair on end, and fists clenched. My Quaker blood was really up for once, but as I faced my long, angular bed-fellow, I saw that his violin was up too. I glared, now at it, then at him, for fully a minute. The moment, I suppose, served me in reflection, for, at the end of it, I gradually took on the attitude, not of a fretted beast of the arena, but of a surrendering, red-faced artist of the barnyard. Jim had stood his ground awaiting the opportunity of relieving his mind. And when he saw my feathers lowering, he riveted his mild but keen eyes full upon me, and spoke thus with earnest deliberation: "Your vaporings

make me weary, you confounded little hopeful. You pine around here all afternoon Sundays like a sick kitten searching after a warm brick on the very spot where it is not to be found, and dream of lovers' lanes and sweethearts' bowers on Sunday evenings; when, you long-haired dunce, there are a thousand Normal girls doing the same thing. How can those pretty B girls help believing you Freshmen rather slow? There, you helpless idiot, eat that celery; your system needs that more than music.''

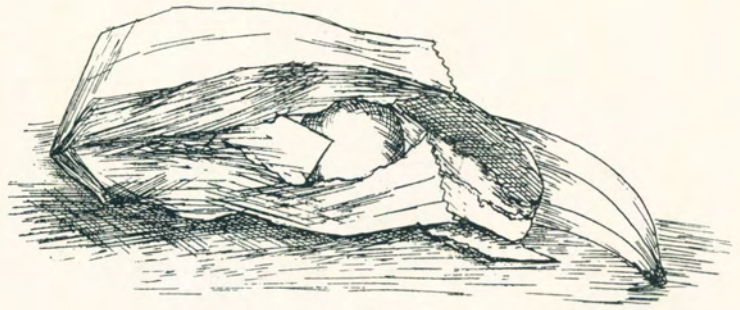
X———Y———Z

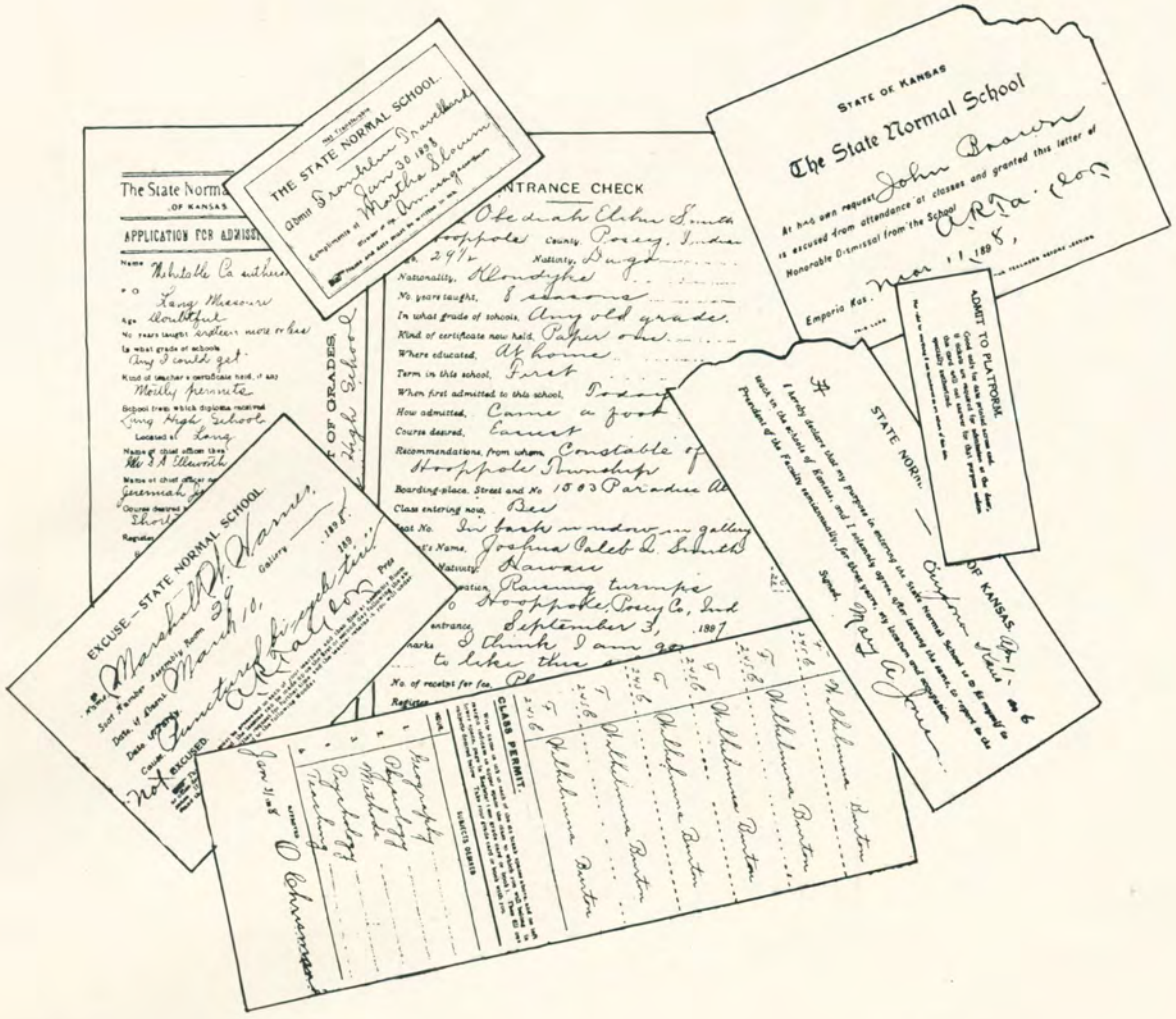
Now a Stead—ee!

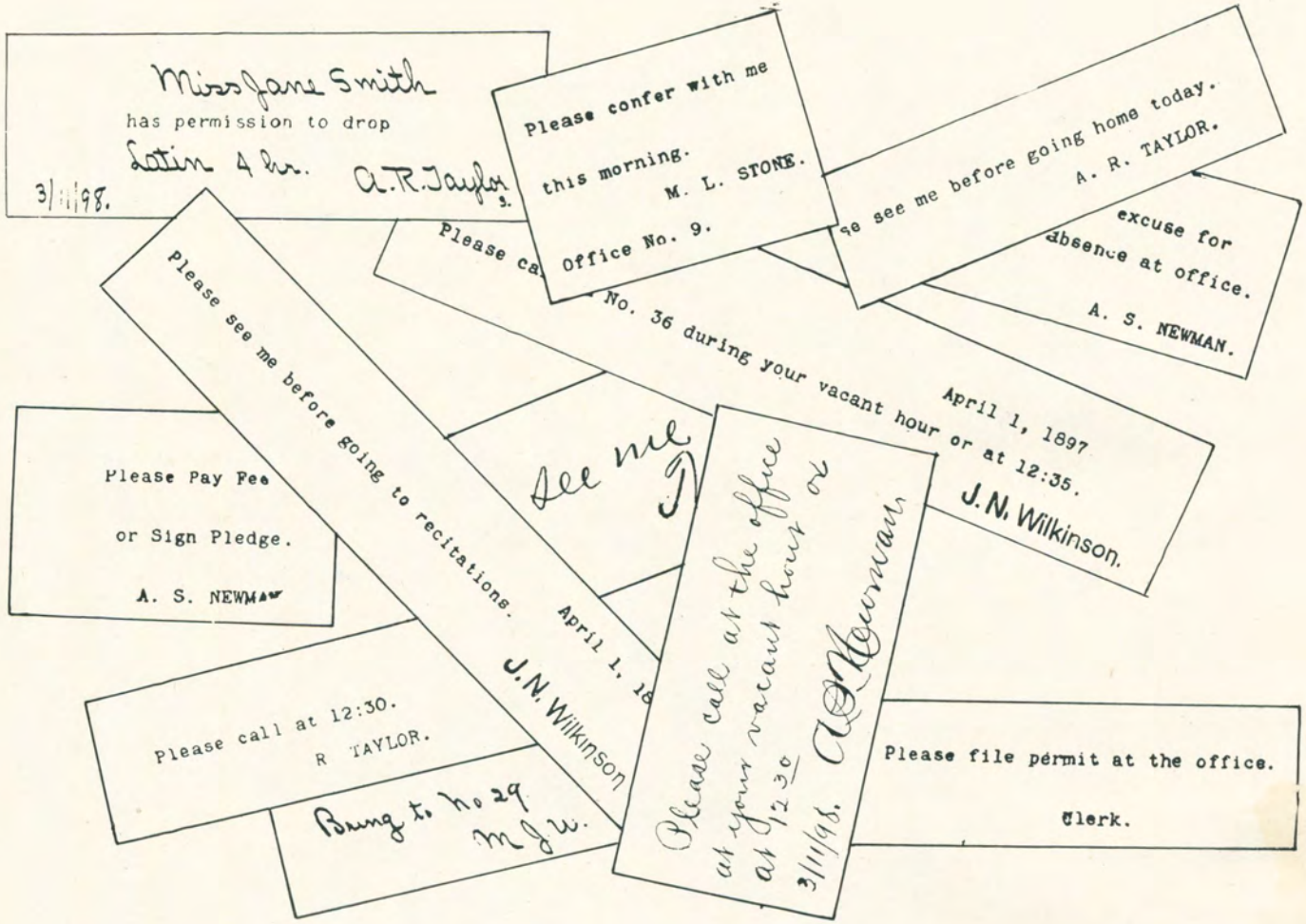


Faculty Lectures for 1898.

Professor Gridley, "Educational Value of Art,"	November 3.
Professor Stone, "Food and Food Values,"	December 1.
Professor Hill, "Christ as a Teacher,"	January 6.
Professor Iden, "The German University,"	February 11.
Professor Bailey, "Two Conceptions of Number,"	March 17.
Professor Whitney, "The Political Crisis,"	April 21.
Professor Hoaglin, "The Greatest Novel of the Century,"	June 1.




THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
STATE OF KANSAS
The State Normal School
ENTRANCE CHECK
EXCUSE—STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS PERMIT
ADMIT TO PLATFORM


Miss Jane Smith
has permission to drop
Latin 4 hr.
A.R. Taylor
3/11/98.
Please confer with me
this morning.
M. L. STONE.
Office No. 9.
see me before going home today.
A. R. TAYLOR.
excuse for
absence at office.
A. S. NEWMAN.
No. 36 during your vacant hour or at 12:35.
April 1, 1897
J.N. Wilkinson.
Please Pay Fee
or Sign Pledge.
A. S. NEWMAN
Please see me before going to recitations.
April 1, 18
J.N. Wilkinson
see me
J
Please call at the office
at your vacant hour or
at 12 30
3/11/98.
A.S. Newman
Please call at 12:30.
R TAYLOR.
Please file permit at the office.
Clerk.
Bring to No 29
M J W.

Roasts.

E. ROWE.—"It were a fatal thing to be small."

E. ROY FARWELL.—"A quart of snow is a good dessert—but I want it in small mouthfuls."

NINA CLARK.—"I can not bear a bashful man."

CORA PERKINS.—"Thou canst not frown; thou canst not look askance."

J. S. O'CONNER.— "—A man in my position and a graduate of the State Normal School."

ELSIE STRATTON.—"Oh, where are my hairpins?"

J. E. BOYER.—"We make engagement after engagement without consulting the Faculty."

LADIES OF THE FACULTY.—"The men or the oysters—which shall we have?"

GEORGE A. DEAN.— "No tuft on cheek or beard on chin,
But lips where smiles go out and in."

ALFRED BAILEY.—"When I was a boy my father used to send me fishing, but I always ran off and went to Sunday school."

Mr. Gerardy is noted for success in all undertakings. No wonder, he always knows Howe.

PROF. WILKINSON.—With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Normal air.

C. W. KLINE.—"His manners are as hard as his feelings are tender."

E. E. SALSER.—"He can smile when one speaks to him."

PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.—"Let's send President Talyor a hot pie before he makes up our grades—and they did."

W. H. KELLER.—"But I didn't serve as a substitute."

T. P. DETAMORE.—"That's a bright idea; I wish I had said that."

MISS STUCKEY.—"Oh, I have to carry all these 'seize me' to the boys."

GRŒNDIKE.—"One helpless look of blooming infancy."

Z. E. WYANT.—"And sometimes said or tried to say a funny thing or two."

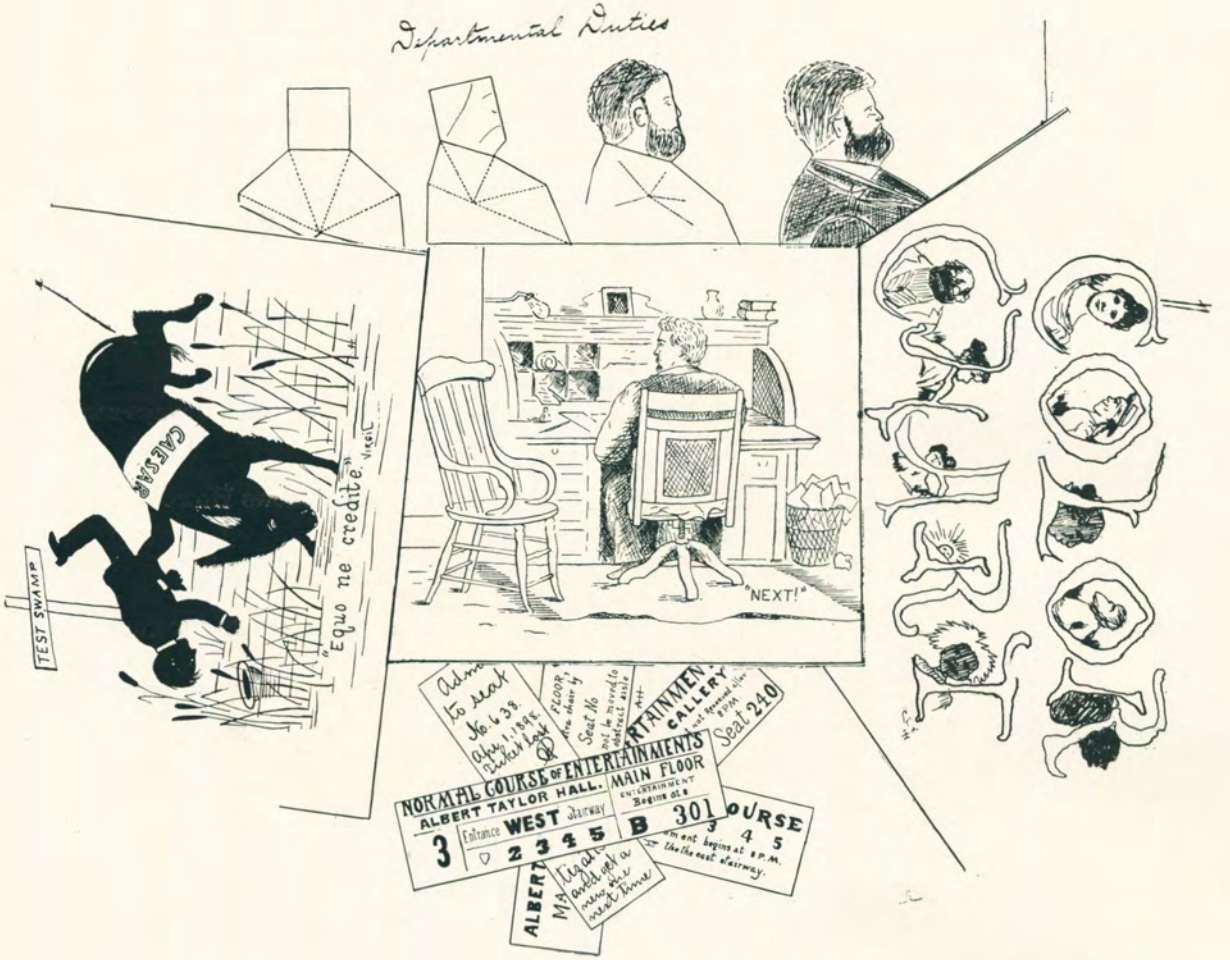
MAUD HAMILTON.—"Pleased with a whistle, tickled with a straw."

"Why do the milliners not employ Mr. Daniels to trim hats? His specialty seems to be to arrange flowers."

And all Mr. Agrelius could say, was: "Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are."

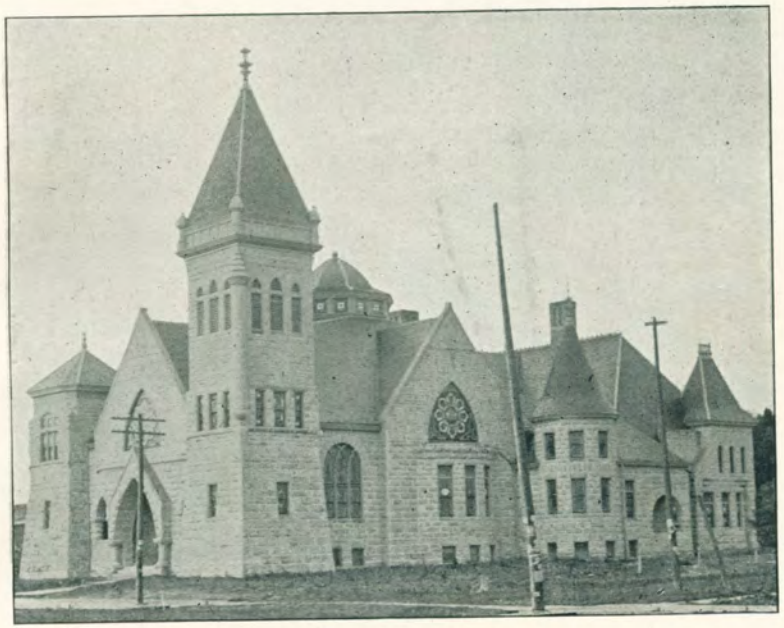
"Tommy, don't be so silly, if you can possibly help it." Which Tommy is meant—Tommy Edgerton, Tommy Wood, or Tommy Detamore?

All the young ladies who ride bicycles are "stuck" on the Rhodes, because they are so smooth.


Departmental Duties
TEST SWAMP
CAESAR
"Equo ne credite." Virgil
"NEXT!"
NORMAL COURSE OF ENTERTAINMENTS
ALBERT TAYLOR HALL.
MAIN FLOOR
ENTERTAINMENT Begins at 8
3
Entrance WEST Stairway
2 3 4 5
B 301
Seat 240
CALLERY
Seat No
not be moved to obstruct aisle
Admit to seat No. 638. Apr. 1, 1898. Ticket lost
ALBERT
Tis all and yet a new the next time

EMPORIA A GOOD TOWN.

EVERY town in Kansas is noted for something. Topeka is noted for her boarding houses. Atchison for her smart men. Wichita for her joints. Lawrence for her history, But Emporia is noted for being a *good town*. There are ten thousand people—more or less—in Emporia, and there is not, among the ten thousand, a confirmed drunkard, nor a budding criminal. The police court has not contained the name of a woman on the record of office for three years. There has not been enough money collected by the police department to pay for the axle grease in the fire department. The four principal corners in Emporia are occupied



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

by banks and book stores. The two best banks in the State of Kansas, according to the reports on file at Washington, are in Emporia. The book stores of Emporia carry larger stocks, and have more money invested, than do the saloons of the average town in Missouri, and there are more grocery stores, and better, in Emporia, than are found in any other country town of its size on the globe. Emporia people have more things to eat, and better things to eat, than the people of any other country town in the land.

There are three thousand school people in Emporia, and the average daily attendance is nearly two thousand. There are twenty-eight churches in Emporia, the preachers whereof consume, in the course of a year, about six thousand yellow-legged chickens. There is a public library, where the boys and girls round up after school. There is not an able-bodied pauper on the town site. Three newspapers keep the moulds of public opinion hot day and night. The *Times* is a weekly paper of the Populist persuasion. The *Republican* is a daily paper of Republican proclivities, and the *Gazette* is incorrigible; no one knows where to find the *Gazette*, it is generally regarded as a bad lot; it has become so dead to a sense of shame that it employs graduates of the College of Emporia on its local staff. Further comment upon

THE CROSS RESIDENCE.

its depravity would be cruel. Speaking of the College of Emporia, it started as a real estate scheme, and occasionally wins the town base-ball championship and has ambitions to play foot-ball. Emporia is a good town; but the college foot-ball team is pretty bad.

The dizziest thing that happened in Emporia during the entire past year of its existence is a tennis tournament. It is addicted to measles in the spring and Thomas Keene and George R. Wendling in the winter. It rises at eight, goes to bed at nine, never is happy unless asleep.

This is all there is to tell about Emporia; it is a good old town and it gives students rates to every thing that it has free, then kicks because they charge for the entertainments at the Normal. The average Normal man who dies, if he lived a good, honest life, is translated to Emporia, where he rides eternally up and down Commercial street in a wagon, twanging a mandolin and singing praises to Dan Dryer. Such an existence is the Emporia idea of ecstatic bliss.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

RESIDENCE OF MAJ. CALVIN HOOD.

G. W. NEWMAN'S RESIDENCE.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. PRESTON B. PLUMB.

TO THE FRIENDS in school and among the alumni who have so generously aided in the publication of this, the first Annual of the Kansas State Normal School, the Board of Editors wish to express gratitude and appreciation. Whatever of merit may be in the work is due in no small measure to the support and co-operation of these friends

REGENTS' THREE-ACT COMEDY.

ACT I.

Enter six Regents.

President Knappenberger: The regents meet in special session to consider a few important measures. The clerk will kindly read the first request.

Clerk Madden: Shall the regents permit the students of this institution to contest at foot-ball with other institutions?

President Knappenberger: Those who favor granting request will signify by the usual sign. - - - - -. Opposed no. No! no! no! no! no! no! Request not granted.

ACT II.

Same as before.

President Knappenberger: Clerk Madden will read next thing for consideration.

Clerk Madden: Shall the regents of this institution permit the students to engage in foot-ball with other schools?

President Knappenberger: Those in favor of granting the request signify same by usual sign. - - - - -. Opposed no. No! no! no! no! no! no! Request not granted.

ACT III.

Same as before.

President Knappenberger: Clerk will read next thing for consideration.

Clerk Madden: Shall the regents of this institution permit the students to engage in foot-ball with other schools?

President Knappenberger: Those in favor of granting request signify same by usual sign. - - - - - -. Opposed no. No! no! no! no! no! no! Request not granted.

THE END.

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H. L. DWELLE.

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THIS is the Photographer who made the majority of the finest Photos for the cuts in this Annual. Below is a partial list of the names of the Faculty and prominent Students who had their photographs made at F. A. Loomis' Studio this year :

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Gridley.
Cochran.
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Bates.
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Clark.
Brobst.
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Morris.
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Shank.
Martin.
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Tangeman.
Young.
Milligan.
Taylor.
Harris.
Whitney.
Perkins.
Owens.
Whitbeck.
Orpheus Club.
Thirteen Club.
German Club.
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Normal Orchestra.
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Beside a majority of the '97 Alumni.

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